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CHILD'S

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

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BY

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE," "CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.

ANOTHER chapter has been added, carrying on the history to the year 1881, giving the extinction of the direct line (as it may be called) of the Bonapartes, which may be reckoned as a sort of era; although the young readers of this volume may probably live to see France pass through many more vicissitudes.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Feb. 5th, 1881.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

THESE Stories on the History of France are meant for children perhaps a year older than those on the History of England. They try to put such facts as need most to be remembered in a comprehensible form, and to attach some real characteristic to each reign; though, in later political history, it is difficult to translate the leading ideas into anything that can enter an intellect of seven or eight years old. The gentleman who, some time ago, recommended teaching history backwards from our own time, could never have practically tried how much harder it is to make *la Charte* or the Reform Bill interesting to the childish mind, than how King Robert fed the beggars, or William Rufus was killed by an arrow. Early history is generally personal, and thus can be far more easily recollected than that which concerns the multitude, who are indeed everything to the philanthropist, but are nothing to the child. Even the popular fairy tale has its princes and princesses, and the wonder tale of history can only be carried on in the infant imagination by the like *dramatis personæ*.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Nov. 17th, 1874.

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CHILD'S HISTORY OF FRANCE

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD KELTS.—B.C. 150.

I BEGAN the "History of England" with Julius Cæsar's landing in Britain, and did not try to tell you who the people were whom he found there, for I thought it would puzzle you; but you are a little older now, and can understand rather more,

You must learn that in the old times, before people wrote down histories, Europe was overspread by a great people, whom it is convenient to call altogether the Kelts—fierce, bold, warrior people, who kept together in large families or clans, all nearly related, and each clan with a chief. The clans joined together and formed tribes, and the cleverest chief of the clans would lead the rest. They spoke a language nearly alike—the language which has named a great many rivers and hills. I will tell you a few. Ben or Pen means a hill.

So we see that the Ap-Pen-nine mountains were named by the Kelts. Again, Avon is a river. You know we have several Avon's. Ren Avon meant the running river, and Rhine and Rhone are both the same word, differently pronounced. Sen Avon was the slow river —the Seine and Saone; and Garr Avon was the swift river—the Garonne. There were two great varieties of Kelts—the Gael and the Kymry (you should call this word Kewmri). The Gael were the tallest, largest, wildest, and fiercest, but they were not so clever as the black-eyed little Kymry. The Kymry seem to have been the people who had the Druid priests, who lived in groves of oak, and cut down mistletoe with golden knives; and most likely they set up the wonderful circles of huge stones which seem to have been meant to worship in; at least, wherever those stones are the Kymry have been. But we know little about them, as all their knowledge was in verse, which the Druids and bards taught one another by word of mouth, and which was never written down. All we do know is from their neighbors the Greeks and Romans, who thought them very savage, and were very much afraid of them, when every now and then a tribe set out on a robbing expedition into the lands to the south.

When the Kelts did thus come, it was generally because they were driven from their own homes. There were a still fiercer, stronger set of people behind them, coming from the east to the west; and when the Kelts found that they could not hold their own against these people, they put their wives and children into wagons, made of wood or wicker work, collected

their oxen, sheep, and goats, called their great shaggy hounds, and set forth to find new homes. The men had long streaming hair and beards, and wore loose trousers of woollen, woven and dyed in checks by the women—tartan plaids, in fact. The chiefs always had gold collars round their necks, and they used round wicker shields, long spears, and heavy swords, and they were very terrible enemies. When the country was free to the west, they went on thither, and generally settled down in a wood near a river, closing in their town with a wall of trunks of trees and banks of earth, and setting up their hovels within of stone or wood.

But if other clans whom they could not beat were to the west of them, they would turn to the south into Greece or Italy, and do great damage there. One set of them, in very old times, even managed to make a home in the middle of Asia Minor, and it was to their descendants that St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Galatians. Another great troop, under a very mighty Bran, or chief, who, in Latin, is called Brennus, even broke into the great city of Rome itself. All the women and children of Rome had been sent away, and only a few brave men remained in the strong place called the Capitol, on the top of the steepest hill. There they stayed for seven months, while the Bran and his Gauls kept the city, drank up the wine in the long narrow jars, and drove in the pale-colored, long-horned oxen from the meadow land round. The Bran never did get into the Capitol, but the Romans were obliged to pay him a great sum of money before he would go away. However, this belongs to the history

of Rome, and I only mean further to say, that the tribe who came with him stayed seventeen years in the middle parts of Italy before they were entirely beaten. When the Kelts were beaten and saw there was no hope, they generally came within the enclosure they had made with their wagons, and slew their wives and children, set fire to everything, and then killed themselves, that they might not be slaves. All the north part of Italy beyond the River Po was filled with Kelts and there were many more of them beyond the Alps. So it came about that from the word Gael the Romans called the north of Italy Gallia Cis-Alpina —Gaul on this side the Alps; and the country westward Gallia Trans-Alpina, or Gaul beyond the Alps, and all the people there were known as Gauls, whether they were Gael or Kymry.

Now, far up in Gaul, in the high ground that divides the rivers Loire, Saone, and Rhine, there were rocks full of metal, tin, copper, and sometimes a little silver. The clever sailors and merchants called Phœnicians found these out, and taught the Gauls to work the mines, and send the metals in boats down the Rhone to the Mediterranean sea. There is a beautiful bay where Gaul touches the Mediterranean, and not only the Phœnicians found it out, but the Greeks. They came to live there, and built the cities of Marseilles, Nice, Antibes, and several more. Lovely cities the Greeks always built, with marble temples to their gods, pillars standing on steps, and gardens with statues in them, and theatres for seeing plays acted in the open air. Inside these towns and close round them every-

thing was beautiful ; but the Gauls who lived near learned some Greek ways, and were getting tamed. They coined money, wrote in Greeks letters, and bought and sold with the Greeks ; but their wilder brethren beyond did not approve of this, and whenever they could catch a Greek on his journey would kill him, rob him, or make him prisoner. Sometimes, indeed, they threatened to rob the cities, and the Greeks begged the Romans to protect them. So the Romans sent an officer and an army, who built two new towns, Aix and Narbonne, and made war on the Gauls, who tried to hinder him. Then a messenger was sent to the Roman camp. He was an immensely tall man, with a collar and bracelets of gold, and beside him came a bard singing the praises of his clan, the Arverni. There were many other attendants ; but his chief guards were a pack of immense hounds, which came pacing after him in ranks like soldiers. He bade the Romans, in the name of his chief Bituitus, to leave the country, and cease to harm the Gauls. The Roman General turned his back and would not listen ; so the messenger went back in anger, and the Arverni prepared for battle. When Bituitus saw the Roman army he thought it so small that he said, "This handful of men will hardly furnish food for my dogs." He was not beaten in the battle, but just after it he was made prisoner, and sent to Italy, where he was kept a captive all the rest of his life while his son was brought up in Roman learning and habits, and then sent home to rule his clan, and teach them to be friends with Rome This was about 150 years before the coming of our Blessed Lord.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROMAN CONQUEST.—B.C. 67.–A.D. 79.

The Romans called the country they had taken for themselves in Gaul the Province, and Provence has always continued to be its name. They filled it with colonies. A colony was a city built by Romans, generally old soldiers. who received a grant of land if they would defend it. The first thing they did was to set up an altar. Then they dug trenches the shape of their intended city, marked out streets, and made little flat bricks, everywhere after one pattern, with which they built a temple, houses (each standing round a paved court), a theatre, and public baths, with causeways as straight as an arrow joining the cities together. Each town had two magistrates elected every year, and a governor lived at the chief town with a legion of the army to keep the country round in order.

When the Romans once began in this way, they always ended by gaining the whole country in time. They took nearly a hundred years to gain Gaul. First there came a terrible inroad of some wilder Kymry, whom the Romans called Cimbri, from the west, with some Teutons, of that fiercer German race I told you

of. They broke into Gaul, and defeated a great Roman army; and there was ten years' fighting with them before the stout old Roman, Caius Marius, beat them in a great battle near Aix. All the men were killed in battle, and the women killed their children and themselves rather than fall into Roman hands. That was B.C. 103; and Julius Cæsar, the same who first came to Britain, was nephew to Marius.

He did not conquer Britain, but he did really conquer Gaul. It would only confuse and puzzle you now to tell you how it was done; but by this time many of the Gaulish tribes had come to be friendly with the Romans and ask their help. Some wanted help because they were quarrelling with other tribes, and others because the Germans behind them had squeezed a great tribe of Kymry out of the Alps, and they wanted to come down and make a settlement in Gaul. Julius Cæsar made short work of beating these newcomers, and he beat the Germans who were also trying to get into Gaul. Then he expected all the Gauls to submit to him—not only those who lived round the Province, and had always been friendly to Rome, but all the free ones in the north. He was one of the most wonderful soldiers who ever lived; and he did gain first all the east side. He subdued the Belgæ, who lived between the Alps and sea, all the Armoricans along the north, and then the still wilder people on the coast towards the Atlantic ocean.

But while he was away in the north, the Gaulish chiefs in the south agreed that they would make one great attempt to set their country free from the enemy.

They resolved all to rise at once, and put themselves under the command of the brave young mountain chief of the Arverni, from whom Auvergne was named. The Romans called his name Vercingetorix; and as it really was even longer and harder to speak than this word, we will call him so. He was not a wild shaggy savage like Bituitus, but a graceful, spirited chief, who had been trained to Roman manners, and knew their ways of fighting. All in one night the Gauls rose. Men stood on the hill-tops, and shouted from clan to clan to rise up in arms. It was the depth of winter, and Cæsar was away resting in Italy; but back he came on the first tidings, and led his men over six feet deep of snow, taking every Gallic town by the way.

Vercingetorix saw that the wisest thing for the Gauls to do would be to burn and lay waste the land themselves, so that the Romans might find nothing to eat. "It was sad," he said, "to see burning houses, but worse to have wife and children led into captivity." One city, that now called Bourges, was left; the inhabitants beseeched him on their knees to spare it; and it seemed to be safe, for there was a river on one side and a bog on all the rest, with only one narrow road across, But in twenty-five days Cæsar made his way in, and slew all he found there; and then he followed Vercingetorix to his own hills of Auvergne, and fought a battle, the only defeat the great Roman captain ever met with; indeed, he was obliged to retreat from the face of the brave Arverni. They followed him again, and fought another battle, in which he was in great

danger, and was forced even to leave his sword in the hands of the Gauls, who hung it up in a temple in thanksgiving to their gods. But the Gauls were not so steady as they were brave; they fled, and all Vercingetorix could do was to lead them to a great camp under the hill of Alesia. He sent horsemen to rouse the rest of Gaul, and shut himself up in a great enclosure with his men. Cæsar and the Romans came and made another enclosure outside, eleven miles round, so that no help, no food could come to them, and they had only provisions for thirty days. Their friends outside did try to break through to them, but in vain; they were beaten off; and then brave Vercingetorix offered to give himself up to the Romans, provided the lives of the rest of the Gauls were spared. Cæsar gave his word that this should be done. Accordingly, at the appointed hour the gates of the Gallic camp opened. Out came Vercingetorix in his richest armor-mounted on his finest steed. He galloped about, wheeled round once, then drawing up suddenly before Cæsar's seat, sprang to the ground, and laid his sword at the victor's feet. Cæsar was not touched. He kept a cold, stern face; ordered the gallant chief into captivity, and kept him for six years, while finishing other conquests, and then took him to Rome, to walk in chains behind the car in which the victorious general entered in triumph, with all the standards taken from the Gauls displayed; and then, with the other captives, this noble warrior was put to death in the dark vaults under the hill of the Capitol.

With Vercingetorix ended the freedom of Gaul.

The Romans took possession of all the country, and made the cities like their own. The old clans were broken up. The fighting men were enlisted in the Roman army, and sent to fight as far away as possible from home, and the chiefs thought it an honor to be enrolled as Roman citizens; they wore the Roman tunic and toga, spoke and wrote Latin, and except among the Kymry of the far northwest, the old Gaulish tongue was forgotten. Very grand temples and amphitheatres still remain in the Province of Roman building, especially at Nismes, Arles, and Autun; and a huge aqueduct, called the Pont du Gard, still stands across a valley near Nismes, with 600 feet of three tier of arcades, altogether 160 feet high. Roads made as only Romans made them, crossed hither and thither throughout the country, and, except in the wilder and more distant parts to live in Gaul was very like living in Rome.

After Julius Cæsar, the Romans had emperors at the head of their state, and some of these were very fond of Gaul. But when the first twelve who had some connection with Julius were all dead, a Gaul named Julius Sabinus rose up and called himself Emperor. The real Emperor, chosen at Rome, named Vespasian, soon came and overthrew his cause, and hunted him to his country house. Flames burst out of it, and it was declared that Sabinus had burnt himself there. But no; he was safely hidden in a cave in the woods. No one knew of it but his wife Eponina and one trusty slave, and there they lived together for nine years, and had two little sons. Eponina twice

left him to go to Rome to consult her friends whether, they could obtain a pardon for her husband; but Vespasian was a stern man, and they saw no hope, so she went back disappointed; and the second time she was watched and followed, and Sabinus was found. He was taken and chained, and carried to Rome, and she and her two boys came with him. She knelt before the Emperor, and besought his pardon, saying that here were two more to plead for their father. Tears came into Vespasian's eyes, but he would not forgive and the husband and wife were both sentenced to die. The last thing Eponina said before his judgment-seat was, that it was better to die together than to be alive as such an Emperor. Her two boys were taken care of, and one of them lived long after in Greece, as far away from his home as possible.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONVERSION OF GAUL.—A. D. 100–400.

GAUL could not be free in her own way, but the truth that maketh free was come to her. The Druids, though their own worship was cruel, had better notions of the true God than the Romans with their multitude of idols, and when they heard more of the truth, many of them gladly embraced it. The Province was so near Rome that very soon after the Apostles had reached the great city, they sent on to Gaul. The people in Provence believe that Lazarus and his two sisters came thither, but this is not likely. However, the first Bishop of Arles was Trophimus, and we may quite believe him to have been the Ephesian who was with St. Paul in his third journey, and was at Jerusalem with him when he was made prisoner. Trophimus brought a service-book with him very like the one that St. John the Evangelist had drawn up for the Churches of Asia.

It was to Vienne, one of these Roman cities, that Pontius Pilate had been banished for his cruelty. In this town and in the larger one at Lyons there were

many Christians, and their Bishop was Pothinus, who had been instructed by St. John. It was many years before the Gallic Christians suffered any danger for their faith not till the year 177, when Pothinus was full ninety years old.

Then under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a governor was sent to the Province who was resolved to put an end to Christianity. The difficulty was that there were no crimes of which to accuse the Christians. So he caused several slaves to be siezed and put to torture, while they were asked questions. There were two young girls among them, Blandina and Biblis. Blandina was a weak, delicate maiden, but whatever pain they gave her she still said, "I am a Christian, and no evil is done among us." Biblis, however in her fright and agony, said "Yes" to all her tormentors asked, and accused the Christians of killing babies, eating human flesh, and all sorts of horrible things. Afterwards she was shocked at herself, declared there was not a word of truth in what she had said, and bore fresh and worse torture bravely. The Christians were seized. The old bishop was dragged through the streets, and so pelted and ill-treated that after a few days he died in prison. The others were for fifteen days brought out before all the people in the amphitheatre, while every torture that could be thought of was tried upon them. All were brave, but Blandina was the bravest of all. She did not seem to feel when she was put to sit on a red-hot iron chair, but encouraged her young brother through all. At last she was put into a net and tossed by a bull, and then, being found

to be still alive, her throat was pierced, everyone declaring that never had woman endured so much. The persecution did not last much longer after this, and the bones of the martyrs were collected and buried, and a church built over them, the same, though of course much altered, which is now the Cathedral of Lyons.

Instead of the martyred Pothinus, the new bishop was Irenæus, a holy man who left so many writings that he is counted as one of the Fathers of the Church. Almost all the townsmen of Lyons became Christians under his wise persuasion and good example, but the rough people in the country were much less easily reached. Indeed, the word pagan, which now means a heathen, was only the old Latin word for a peasant or villager. In the year 202, the Emperor Severus, who had himself been born at Lyons, put out an edict against the Christians, The fierce Gauls in the adjoining country hearing of it, broke furiously into the city, and slaughtered every Christian they laid hands upon, St Irenaus among them. There is an old mosaic pavement in a church at Lyons where the inscription declares that nineteen thousand died in this massacre, but it can hardly be believed that the numbers were so large.

The northerly parts of Gaul were not yet converted, and a bishop named Dionysius was sent to teach a tribe called the Parisii, whose chief city was Lutetia, on the banks of the Seine. He was taken in the year 272, and was beheaded just outside the walls on a hill which is still known as Mont Martre, the martyr's

mount, and his name, cut short into St. Denys, became one of the most famous in all France.

The three Keltic provinces, Gaul, Spain, and Britain, used to be put together under one governor, and the brave kindly Constantius ruled over them, and hindered persecution as much as he could. His son Constantine was also much loved, and it was while marching to Italy with an army, in which were many Gauls, to obtain the empire, that Constantine saw the vision of a bright cross in the sky, surrounded by the words, "In this sign thou shalt conquer." He did conquer, and did confess himself a Christian two years later, and under him the Church of Gaul flourished. Gallic bishops were at the great council of Nicea, in Asia Minor, when the Nicene creed was drawn up, and many beautiful hymns for Christian worship were written in Gaul.

After Constantine's death, his son Constantius fostered the false doctrine that the Nicene creed contradicted. He lived at Constantinople, and dressed and lived like an Eastern prince, and the Gauls were growing discontented; more especially as the Franks —a terrible tribe of their Teuton enemies to the east— were trying to break into their lands. A young cousin of Constantius, named Julian, was sent to fight with them. He fixed his chief abode in a little island in the middle of the River Sein, at Lutetia, among his dear Parisii, as he called the tribe around, and thence he came out to drive back the Franks whenever they tried to attack the Gauls. He was a very brave, able, man, but he had seen so much selfishness and weakness

among the Christians in Rome and Constantinople, that he fancied their faults arose from their faith; and tried to be an old heathen again as soon as Constantius was dead, and he became emperor. He only reigned three years, and then, in the year 363, was killed in a war with the Persians. Very sad times followed his death. He was the last of his family, and several emperors rose and fell at Rome. The governor of Gaul, Maximus, called himself emperor, and, raising an army in Britain, defeated the young man who had reigned at Rome in the year 381, and ruled the Keltic provinces for seven years. He was a brave soldier, and not wholly a bad man, for he much loved and valued the great Bishop Martin, of Tours. Martin had been brought up as a soldier, but he was so kind that once when he saw a shivering beggar he cut his cloak into two with his sword, and gave the poor man half. He was then not baptized, but at eighteen he became altogether a Christian, and was the pupil of the great Bishop Hilary of Poitiers. It was in these days that men were first beginning to band together to live in toil, poverty and devotion in monasteries or abbeys, and Martin was the first person in Gaul to form one, near Poitiers; but he was called from it to be Bishop of Tours, and near that city he began another abbey, which still bears his name, Marmoutiers or Martin's Monastery. He and the monks used to go out from thence to teach the Pagans, who still remained in the far west, and whom Roman punishment had never cured of the old Druid ways, These people could not learn the Latin that all the rest of the

country spoke, but lived on their granite moors as their forefathers had lived four hundred years before. However, Martin did what no one else had ever done: he taught them to become staunch Christians, though they still remained a people apart, speaking their own tongue and following their own customs.

This was the good St. Martin's work while his friend, the false Emperor Maximus, was being overthrown by the true Emperor Theodosius; and much more struggling and fighting was going on among the Romans and Gauls, while in the meantime the dreadful Franks were every now and then bursting into the country from across the Rhine to plunder and burn and kill and make slaves.

St. Martin had finished the conversion of Gaul, just before he died in his monastery at Marmoutiers, in the year 400. He died in time to escape the terrible times that were coming upon all the Gauls, or rather Romans. For all the southern and eastern Gauls, called themselves Romans, spoke nothing but Latin, and had entirely forgotten all thoughts, ways, and manners but those they had learnt from the Greeks and Romans.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRANK KINGDOM.—A.D. 450–533.

THAT race of people which had been driving the Kelts westward for six or seven hundred years was making a way into Gaul at last; indeed, they had been only held back by Roman skill. These were the race which, as a general name, is called Teutonic, but which divided into many different nations. All were large-limbed blue-eyed, and light-haired. They all spoke a language like rough German, and all had the same religion, believing in the great warlike gods, Odin, Thor, and Frey, worshipping them at stone altars, and expecting to live with them in the hall of heroes after death. That is, all so called who were brave and who were chosen by the valkyr, or slaughter-choosing goddesses, to die nobly in battle. Cowards were sent to dwell with Hela, the pale, gloomy goddess of death.

Of course the different tribes were not exactly alike, but they all had these features in common. They had lived for at least 500 years in the centre of Europe, now and then attacking their neighbors, when, being harrassed by another fierce race who came behind them,

they made more great efforts. The chief tribes whose names must be remembered were the Goths, who conquered Rome and settled in Spain; the Longbeards, or Lombards, who spread over the north of Italy; the Burgundians (burg or town livers), who held all the country round the Alps; the Swabians and Germans, who stayed in the middle of Europe; the Saxons, who dwelt about the south of the Baltic, and finally conquered South Britain; the Northmen, who found a home in Scandinavia; and the Franks, who had been long settled on the rivers of Sale, Meuse, and Rhine. Their name meant Freemen, and they were noted for using an axe called after them. There were two tribes—the Salian, from the River Sale, and the Ripuarian. They were great horsemen, and dreadful pillagers, and the Silians had a family of kings, which, like the kings of all the other tribes, was supposed to descend from Odin. The king was always of this family, called Meerwings, after Meerwig, the son of Wehrmund, one of the first chiefs.

After the death of the great Theodosius, who had conquered the false Emperor Maximius, there was no power to keep these Franks back, and they were continually dashing into Gaul, and carrying off slaves and plunder. Even worse was the great rush that, in the year 450, was made all across Europe by the Huns, a terrible nation of another race, whose chief was called Etzel, or Attila, and who named himself the Scourge of God. In 451, he invaded Gaul with his army, horrible-looking men, whose faces had been gashed by their savage parents in their infancy, that they might

look more dreadful. It was worse to fall into their hands than into those of the Franks, and everywhere there was terror. At Lutetia there was a great desire to flee away, but they were persuaded to remain by the holy woman, Genoveva. She was a young shepherdess of Nanterre, near Paris, who had devoted herself to the service of God, and whose holy life made the people listen to her as a kind of prophet. And she was right. The Huns did not come further than Orleans, where the good Bishop Lupus made the people shut their gates, and defend their town, until an army, composed of Franks, Goths, Burgundians, Gauls, all under the Roman General Aetius, attacked the Huns at Chalons-sur-Marne, beat them and drove them back in 451. Chalons was the last victory won under the old Roman eagles, There was too much trouble in Italy for Rome to help any one. In came the Franks whenever they pleased, and Hilperik, the son of Meerwig, came to Lutetia, or Paris, as it is now called from the tribe around it, and there he rioted in Julian's old palace. He had a great respect for Genoveva, heathen though he was; and when he came home from plundering, with crowds of prisoners driven before him, Genoveva would go and stand before him, and entreat for their pardon, and he never could withstand her, but set them all free. She died at eighty-nine years old, and St. Genevieve, as she was afterwards called, was honored at Paris as much as St. Denys.

Hilperik's son was named Hlodwig, which means loud or renowned war, but as the name is harsh, histories generally name him Clovis. He wanted to

marry a Burgundian maiden named Clothilda, and as she was a Christian, he promised that she should be allowed to pray to her God in the churches which still stood throughout Gaul. When her first child was born, she persuaded Clovis to let her have it baptized. It died very soon, and Clovis fancied it was because her God could not save it. However, she caused the next child to be baptized, and when it fell sick she prayed for it, and it recovered. He began to listen more to what she said of her God, and when, soon after, the Germans came with a great army across the Rhine, and he drew out his Franks to fight with them at Tolbiac, near Cologne, he was in great danger in the battle, and he cried aloud, "Christ, whom Clothilda calls the true God, I have called on my own gods, and they help me not! Send help, and I will own Thy name." The Germans fled, and Clovis had the victory.

He kept his word, and was baptized at Rheims by St. Remigius, with his two sisters, 3000 men, and many women and children; and as he was the first great Teutonic prince who was a Catholic Christian, the King of France, ever since his time, has been called the Most Christian King and eldest son of the Church. Clovis was the first Frank chief who really made a home of Gaul, or who wore a purple robe and a crown like a Roman emperor. He made his chief home at Paris, where he built a church in the little island on the Seine, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, measuring the length by how far he could throw an axe; but though he honored the Gaulish clergy, he

was still a fierce and violent savage, who did many cruel things. He generally repented of them afterwards, and gave gifts to churches to show his sorrow, and holy men were about him when, in 511, he died at Paris.

His sons had all been baptized, but they were worse men than he had been. The Frank kingdom was only the north part of the country above the Loire. In the south, where the Romans had had possession so much longer, and built so many more walled towns, the Franks never really lived. They used to rush down and plunder the country round about; but then the townsmen shut themselves in, closed their gates, and strengthened their walls, and the Franks had no machines to batter the walls, no patience for a blockade, and went home again with only the spoil of the country round; while in the Province people called themselves Roman citizens still, and each place governed itself by the old Roman law.

Plenty of Gauls were in the northern part too, speaking Latin still. They had to bear much rough treatment from the Franks, but all the time their knowledge and skill made them respected. The clergy, too, were almost all Gauls; and now that the Franks were Christians, in name at least, they were afraid of them, and seldom damaged a church or broke into a monastery. Indeed, if there was any good in a Frank, he was apt to go into a monastery out of the horrid barbarous ways of his comrades, and perhaps this left those outside to be still worse, as they had hardly any better men among them. The four sons of Clovis

divided the kingdom. That is, they were all kings, and each had towns of his own, but all a good deal mixed up together; and in the four chief towns—Paris, Orleans, Soissons, and Metz—they all had equal shares. Not that they really governed, only each had a strong box filled with gold and jewels, and they always were leaders when the Franks went out to plunder in the southern lands of Provincia and Aquitaine. There was another part the Franks never conquered, namely, that far northwestern corner called Armorica, which Julius Cæsar had conquered, and St. Martin had converted last of all. The granite moors did not tempt the Franks, and the Kymri there were bold and free. Moreover, so many of their kindred Kymri from Britain came over thither for fear of the Saxons, that the country came to be called from them Bretagne, or Brittany, and the Kymric tongue is spoken there to this day.

When Hlodmir, one of the sons of Clovis, died, his three little sons were sent to Paris to be under the care of their grandmother Clothilda. She was so fond of them that their uncles, Hloter and Hildebert, were afraid she would require that their father's inheritance should be given to them. So they asked her to send the boys to them on a visit, and, as soon as they arrived, a messenger was sent to the Queen with a sword and a pair of scissors, desiring her to choose. This meant that she would choose whether the poor boys should be killed, or have their heads shaven and become monks. Clothilda answered that she had rather see them dead than monks. So Hloter killed

the eldest, who was only ten, with his sword; the second clung to Hildebert, and begged hard for life, but Hloter forced his brother to give him up, and killed him too; the third, whose name was Hlodoald, was helped by some of the bystanders to hide himself, and when he grew older, he cut off his long hair, went into a monastery, and was so good a man that he is now called St. Cloud. This horrible murder happened about the year 533.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONG-HAIRED KINGS.—A.D. 533–681.

THE Meerwings, or long-haired kings, were altogether the most wicked dynasty (or race of kings) who ever called themselves Christian. They do not seem to have put off any of their heathen customs, except the actual worship of Frey and Odin. They murdered, plundered, and married numerous wives, just as if they had been heathens still. Most likely they thought that as Christ was the God of Gaul, He must be honored there; but they had no notion of obeying Him, and if a Gallic bishop rebuked them, they only plundered his church. By the Frank law, a murder might be redeemed by a payment, and was full twice as costly to kill a Frank as to kill a Roman, that is to say, a Gaul; for, except in the cities in the Province and Aquitaine, this term of Roman, once so proud, was only a little better than that of slave.

Out of all the Meerwing names, one or two have to be remembered above the rest for their crimes. Hlother, the murderous son of Clovis, left four sons,

among whom the kingdom was, as usual, divided. Two of these sons, Hilperik and Siegbert, wished for queenly wives, though Hilperik, at least, had a houseful of wives before, and among them a slave girl named Fredegond. The two brothers married the two daughters of the King of the Goths in Spain, Galswinth and Brynhild. Siegbert seems to have really loved Brynhild, but Hilperik cared for the beautiful and clever Fredegond more than anyone else, and very soon poor Galswinth was found in her bed strangled. Fredegond reigned as queen, and Brynhild hated her bitterly, and constantly stirred up her husband to avenge her sister's death. Siegbert raised an army and defeated Hilperik, but Fredegond contrived to have him stabbed. She also contrived to have all her husband's other children killed by different means, and at last, fearing he would find out crimes greater than even he could bear with, she contrived that he too should be stabbed when returning from hunting, in the year 584. She had lost several infants, and now had only one child left, Hlother II., a few months old, but in his name she ruled what the Franks called the Ne-oster-rik, the not eastern, or western kingdom, namely, France, from the Saone westward; while Brynhild and her son Hildebert ruled in the Auster-rik, or eastern kingdom, from the Saone to the Sale and Rhine. There was a most bitter hatred between the two sisters-in-law. It seems as if Fredegond was of a wicked nature, and would have been a bad woman anywhere. One's mind shrinks from the horrible stories of murder, treachery, and every sort of vice that are told of her; but no outward punishment

came upon her in this world, and she died in 597 at Paris, leaving her son, Hlother II., on the throne.

Brynhild often did bad things, but she erred more from the bad times in which she lived than from her own disposition. She tried, so far as she knew how, to do good ; she made friends with the clergy, she helped the few learned men, she tried to stop cruelty, she tried to repair the old Roman roads and bridges, and many places are called after her—Queen Brynhild's tower, or stone, or the like—and she was very kind to the poor, and gave them large alms. But she grew worse as she grew older ; she had furious quarrels with the Frank chiefs, and when the Bishops found fault with her she attacked them, and even caused the saintly Bishop of Vienne to be assassinated. In her time there came from Ireland a number of very holy men, Keltic Christians, who had set forth from the monasteries to convert such Gauls and Franks as remained heathen, and to try to bring the rest to a better sense of what a Christian life was. St. Columbanus came into the Austerrik when Brynhild's two grandsons, Theudebert and Theuderick, were reigning there. Theuderick listened willingly to the holy man, and was proceeding to put away his many wives and mend his ways ; but the old Queen's pride was offended, and she could not forgive him for not allowing her to come into his monastery, because no woman was permitted there. She stirred up Theuderick to drive him away, whereupon he went to the Alps and converted the people there, who were still worshippers of Odin. Soon after there was a fierce quarrel between her two grandsons. Theuderick was

taken prisoner by his brother, and forced to cut his hair and become a monk, but this did not save his life. He was put to death shortly after, and his brother soon after died; so that Brynhild, after having ruled in the name of her son and grandsons, now governed for her great-grandson, Siegbert, thirty-nine years after her husband's death. But she was old and weak, and her foe, Fredegond's son Hlother, attacked her, defeated her forces, and made her and her great-grandchildren prisoners. The boys were slain, and the poor old Gothic Queen, after being placed on a camel and led through the camp to be mocked by all the savage Franks, was tied to the tail of a wild horse, to be dragged to death by it! This was in 614.

Hlother thus became King of all the Franks, and so was his son Dagobert I., who was not much better as a man, but was not such a savage, and took interest in the beautiful goldsmith's work done by the good Bishop Eligius; and, somehow, his name has been more remembered at Paris than he seems properly to deserve. In fact, the Franks were getting gradually civilized by the Romanized Gauls—the conquerors by the conquered; and the daughters, when taken from their homes, sometimes showed themselves excellent women. It was Bertha, the daughter of King Haribert, the murderer of his nephews, who persuaded her husband, Ethelbert of Kent, to receive St. Augustine; and Ingund, the daughter of Brynhild and Siegbert, was married to a Gothic Prince in Spain, whom she brought to die a martyr for the true faith.

Twelve more Meerwings reigned after Dagobert. If

they had become less savage they were less spirited, and they hardly attended at all to the affairs of their kingdoms, but only amused themselves in their rude palaces at Soissons or Paris, thus obtaining the name of *Rois Faineants*, or do-nothing kings. The affairs of the kingdom fell into the hands of the *Majoi Domi*, as he was called or *Mayor of the Palace*. The Franks, as they tried to have courts and keep up state, followed Roman patterns so far as they knew them, and gave Roman names from the Emperor's Court to the men in attendance on them. So the steward, or *Major Domi*, master of the household, rose to be the chief person in the kingdom next to the king himself. The next greatest people were called *Comites*, companions of the King, Counts; and the chief of these was the Master of the horse, *Comes Stabuli*, the Count of the Stable, or, as he came to be called in the end, the Constable. The leader of the army was called Dux, a Latin word meaning to lead; and this word is our word Duke. But the Mayor of the Palace under these foolish do-nothing Meerwings soon came to be a much greater man than the King himself, and the Mayor of the Palace of the Oster-rik or Austrasia fought with the Palace Mayor of the Ne-oster-rik or Neustria, as if they were two sovereigns. The Austrasian Franks stretched far away eastward, and were much more bold and spirited than the Neustrians, who had mixed a great deal with the Gauls. And, finally, Ebroin, the last Neustrian Mayor, was murdered in 681, the Neustrian army was defeated, and the Austrasians became the most powerful. Their mayors were all of one family, the first

ot whom was named Pepin of Landen. He was one of Queen Brynhild's great enemies, but he was a friend of Dagobert I., and he and his family were brave defenders of the Franks from the other German nations, who, like them, loved war better than anything else.

CHAPTER. VI

CARL OF THE HAMMER.—A.D. 681.

THE grandson of Pepin of Landen is commonly called Pepin L'Heristal. He was Mayor of the Palace through the reigns of four do-nothing Meerwings, and was a brave leader of the Franks, fighting hard with their heathen neighbors on the other side of the Rhine, the Saxons and Thuringians, along the banks of the Meuse and Elbe; and not only fighting with them, but helping the missionaries who came from England and from Ireland to endeavor to convert them.

He died in 714, and after him came his brave son Carl of the Hammer, after whom all the family are known in history as Carlings. He was Duke of Austrasia and Mayor of the Palace, *over* (one cannot say *under*) Hlother IV. and Theuderick IV., and fought the battles of the Franks against the Saxons and Frisians, besides making himself known and respected in the Province and Aquitaine, where the soft Roman Speech softened his name into Carolus and

translated his nickname into Martellus, so that he has come down to our day as Charles Martel.

Whether it was meant that he was a hammer himself, or that he carried a hammer, is not clear, but it is quite certain that he was the greatest man in Europe at that time, and he who did her the greatest benefit.

It was a hundred years since Mahommed had risen up in Arabia, teaching the wild Arabs a strict law, and declaring that God is but one, and that he was His prophet, by which he meant that he was a greater and a truer prophet than the Lord Jesus Christ. He had carried away many of the Eastern nations after him and had conquered others. He taught that it was right to fight for the spread of the religion he taught, and his Arabs did fight so mightily that they overcame the Holy Land and held the city of Jerusalem. Besides this, they had conquered Egypt and spread all along the north of Africa, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea ; and thence they had crossed over into Spain, and subdued the Christian Goths, all but the few who had got together in the Pyrenean Mountains and their continuation in the Asturias, along the coast of the Bay of Biscay.

And now these Arabs—also called Saracens and, Moors—were trying to pass the Pyrenees and make attacks upon Gaul, and it seemed as if all Europe was going to be given up to them and to become Mahommedan. Abdul Rhaman, the great Arab Governor of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees at the Pass of Roncevalles, burst into Aquitaine, gained a great battle near Bourdeaux, and pillaged the city, which was so rich a

place that every soldier was loaded with topazes and emeralds, and gold was quite common!

Then they marched on towards Tours, where the Abbey of Marmoutiers was said to be the richest in all Gaul. But by this time Carl of the Hammer had got together his army; not only Franks, but Burgundians, Gauls of the Province, Germans from beyond the Rhine—all who willingly owned the sovereignty of Austrasia, provided they could be saved from the Arabs,

The battle of Tours, between Charles Martel and Abdul Rhaman, was fought in the autumn of 732, and was one of the great battles that decide the fate of the world, For it was this which fixed whether Europe should be Christian or Mahommedan. It was a hotly-fought combat, but the tall powerful Franks and Germans stood like rocks against every charge of the Arab horsemen, till darkness came on. The Franks slept where they stood, and drew up the next morning to begin the battle again, but all save the dead and wounded Arabs were gone. They had drawn off in the night, and the battle of Tours had saved Europe. However, the Hammer had still to strike many blows before they were driven back into Spain, and this tended to bring the south of Gaul much more under his power. Carl was looked upon as the great defender of Christendom, and, as at this time the king of the Lombards in Northern Italy seemed disposed to make himself master of Rome, the Pope sent two nuncios, as pope's messengers are called, to carry him presents, among them the keys of the tomb of St. Peter and to

beg for his protection. Still, great as he was in reality, he never called himself more than Mayor of the Palace and Duke of Austrasia, and when he died in 741, his sons, Pepin and Carloman, divided the government, still as Mayors, for the Meerwing Hilderick III. In 746, however, Carloman, weary of the world, caused his head to be shaven by Pope Zacharias, and retired into the great monastery of Monte Cassino, where, about a hundred years before, St. Benedict had begun a rule that became the pattern of most of the convents of the west. Pepin, commonly called *le bref*, or the Short, ruled alone, and in 751 he sent to ask Pope Zacharias whether it would not be wiser that the family who had all the power should bear the name of kings. The Pope replied that so it should be. Hilderick was put into a convent, and the great English Missionary-bishop, St. Boniface, whom Pepin and his father had aided in his work among the Germans, anointed Pepin as King of the Franks at Soissons, and two years later, the next Pope, Stephen II., came into Gaul again to ask aid against the Lombards, and at the Abbey of St. Denys anointed Pepin again, together with his two young sons, Carl and Carloman. And so the Meerwings passed away, and the Carlings began.

Pepin was a great friend and supporter of St. Boniface, who had been made Archbishop of Mayintz. He did much by his advice to bring the Church of Gaul into good order, and he was much grieved when the holy man was martyred while preaching to the savage men of Friesland. Pepin was constantly fighting with

the heathen Saxons and Germans to the east of him, and he so far subdued them that they promised to send 300 horses as a present to the General Assembly of Franks. To the north he had the old Gauls in Brittany, who had to be well watched lest they should plunder their neighbors; and to the south were the Arabs, continually trying to maraud in the Province and Aquitaine; while the Dukes of Aquitaine, though they were quite unable to keep back the Moors without the help of the Franks, could not endure their allies and hated to acknowledge the upstart Pepin as their master. These Dukes, though Teuton themselves, had lived so long in the Roman civilization of the southern cities, that they despised the Franks as rude barbarians; and the Franks, on their side, thought them very slippery, untrustworthy people.

Pepin was a great improvement in good sense, understanding, and civilization on the do-nothing Meerwings, but even he looked on writing as only the accomplishment of clergy, and did not cause his sons to learn to write. Yet Pope Stephen was for a whole winter his guest, and when the Franks entered Italy and defeated Astolfo, King of the Lombards, Pepin was rewarded by being made "Senator of Rome." Afterwards the Lombards attacked the Pope again. Pepin again came to his help, and after gaining several victories, forced King Astolfo to give up part of his lands near Rome. Of these Pepin made a gift to the Pope, and this was the beginning of the Pope's becoming a temporal sovereign, that is holding lands like a king or prince, instead of only holding a spirit-

ual power over men's consciences as chief Bishop of the Western Church.

Pepin died at the Abbey of St. Denys in the year 768. Do not call him King of France, but King of the Franks, which does not mean the same thing.

CHAPTER VII.

CARL THE GREAT.—768.

CARL and Carloman, the two sons of Pepin, at first divided the Frank domains; but Carloman soon died, and Carl reigned alone. He is one of the mightiest of the princes who ever bore the name of the Great. Carl der Grosse, the Franks called him; Carolus Magnus in Latin, and this has become in French, Charlemagne; and as this is the name by which everybody knows him, it will be the most convenient way to call him so here, though no one ever knew him thus in his own time.

He was a most warlike king. When the Saxons failed to send him 300 horses, he entered their country, ravaged it, and overthrew an image or pillar near the source of the Lippe, which they used as an idol, and called Irminsul. Thereupon the Saxons burnt the church at Fritzlar, which St. Boniface had built, and the war went on for years. Charlemagne was resolved to force the Saxons to be Christians, and Witikind, the great Saxon leader, was fiercely resolved against yielding, viewing the honor of Odin as the honor of his country. They fought on and on, till, in 785, Charlemagne wintered in Saxony, and at last per-

suaded Witikind to come and meet him at Attigny There the Saxon chief owned that Christ had conquered, and consented to be baptized. Charlemagne made him Duke of Saxony, and he lived in good faith to the new vows he had taken. The Frisians and Bavarians, and all who lived in Germany, were forced to submit to the great King of the Franks.

There was a new king of the Lombards, Desiderio, and a new Pope, Adrian I.; and, as usual, they were at war, and Adrian entreated for the aid of Charlemagne. He came with a great army, drove Desiderio into Pavia, and besieged him there. It was a long siege, and Charlemagne had a chapel set up in his camp to keep Christmas in; but for Easter he went to Rome, and was met a mile off by all the chief citizens and scholars carrying palm branches in their hands, and as he mounted the steps to St. Peter's Church, the Pope met him, saying, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." He prayed at all the chief churches in Rome, and then returned to Pavia, which was taken soon after. He carried off Desiderio as a prisoner, and took the title of King of the Franks and the Lombards. This was in 775, while the Saxon war was still going on.

He had likewise a war with the Arabs in Spain, and in 778 he crossed the Pyrenees, and overran the country as far as the Ebro, where the Arabs offered him large gifts of gold and jewels if he would return without touching their splendid cities in the South. He consented, but as he was returning, the wild Basque people—a strange people who lived uncon-

quered in the mountains—fell upon the rear guard of his army in the pass of Roncevalles, and plundered the baggage, slaying some of the bravest leaders, among them one Roland, Warden of the Marches of Brittany. Round this Roland wonderful stories have hung. It is said, and it may be true, that he blew a blast on his bugle-horn with his last strength, which first told Charlemagne, on far before, of this direful mischance; and further legends have made him the foremost and most perfect knight in the army, nay, raised him to a gigantic strength, for there is a great cleft in the Pyrenean Hills called La Breche de Roland, and said to have been made with one stroke of his sword. Pfabzgraf, or Count of the Palace, was the title of some of the great Frank lords, and thus in these romances Roland and his friends are called the Paladins.

But to return to Charlemagne. He had three sons—Carl, Pepin, and Lodwig. When the two younger were four and three years old, he took them both with him to Rome, and there Pope Adrian anointed the elder to be King of Lombardy, the younger King of Aquitania. As soon as they had returned, Charlemagne had the little Lodwig taken to his kingdom. As far as the Loire he was carried in his cradle, but when he entered Aquitania he was dressed in a little suit of armor, and placed on horseback, that he might be shown to his subjects in manly fashion. Wise, strong men formed his council, whose whole work was keeping the Arabs back beyond the Ebro; but he was taken back after a time to be educated in

his father's palace at Aachen. Charlemagne had gathered there the most learned men he could find—Alcuin, an Englishman, being one—and had a kind of academy, where his young nobles and clergy might acquire the learning of the old Roman times. Discussions on philosophy were held, every one taking some old name, Charlemagne himself being called David. He strove hard to remedy the want of a good education; and such was his ability, that he could calculate the courses of the planets in his head, though he never wrote easily, in spite of carrying about tablets in his bosom, and practising at odd times. Latin was, of course, familiar to him; St. Augustine's "City of God" was his favorite book; and he composed several hymns, among them the *Veni Creator Spiritus*—that invocation of the Holy Spirit which is sung at Ordinations. He also knew Greek, and he had begun to arrange a Frankish Grammar, and collect the old songs of his people.

No one was so much honored and respected in Europe, and after two more journeys to Rome on behalf of the Pope, Leo III., the greatest honor possible was conferred upon him. In the old Roman times, the Roman people had always been supposed to elect their Emperor. They now elected him. On the Christmas Day of the year 800, as Carl the Frank knelt down before the altar of St. Peter's, the Pope placed a crown on his head, and the Roman people cried aloud, "To Carolus Augustus, crowned by God, the great and peaceful Emperor of the Romans, life and victory!"

So the Empire of the West, which had died away for a time, or been merged in the Empire of the East at Constantinople, was brought to life again in the person of Carl the great; while his two sons were rulers of kingdoms, and all around him were numerous dukes and counts of different subject nations, all owning his empire. The old cities, likewise, in Provence—Aquitania, Lombardy, and Gaul—though they had councils that governed themselves, owned him as their Emperor. Moreover, he made the new territories which he had conquered along the German rivers great bishoprics, especially at Triers, Mentz, and Koln, thinking that bishops would more safely and loyally guard the frontier, and tame the heathen borderers, than fierce warrior counts and dukes.

Aachen was the capital of this Empire. There Carl had built a noble cathedral, and a palace for himself; and he collected from Italy the most learned clerks and the best singers of church music. His chosen name of David did not ill befit him, for he was a great founder and benefactor of the church, and gathered together synods of his bishops several times during his reign to consult for her good and defence. Indeed, his benefits to her, and his loyal service, were such that he has been placed in the calendar as a saint; although he had several serious faults, the worst of which was that he did not rightly esteem the holiness and closeness of the tie of wedlock, and married and put away wives in a lax way that makes a great blot in his character.

He was of a tall figure, with a long neck, and ex-

ceedingly active and dextrous in all exercises ; a powerful warrior, and very fond of hunting, but preferring swimming to anything else. Nobody could swim or dive like him ; and he used to take large parties to bathe with him, so that a hundred men were sometimes in the river at once. His dress was stately on occasion, but he did not approve of mere finery ; and when he saw some young noble over-dressed, would rather enjoy taking him on a long muddy ride in the rain.

He had intended his eldest son Carl to be Emperor, and Pepin and Lodwig to rule Lombardy and Aquitaine under him as kings ; but Pepin died in 810, and Carl in 811, and only Lodwig was left. This last son he caused to be accepted as Emperor by all his chief nobles in the church at Aachen, and then made him a discourse on the duties of a sovereign to his people ; after which he bade the young man take a crown that lay on the altar and put it on his own head. "Blessed be the Lord, who hath granted me to see my son sitting on my throne," he said.

Charlemagne died the next year, in 814, in his seventy-first year, and was buried at Aachen, sitting upright, robed and crowned, in his chair, with his sword by his side.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CARLINGS.—814–887.

THE Carlings after Charlemagne are nearly as difficult to understand or care about as the Meerwings. The best way to understand the state of things is to remember that the Empire—the Holy Roman Empire of the West—consisted of a whole collection of separate states—German, Frank, Lombard, Burgundian, Gallic, Latin, and that a Carling was always king in one or more of these, and the chief of the family Emperor; but they were constantly quarrelling, and whenever any of them died, it was as if the whole were shaken up together and the parts picked out afresh. They were far from being as wicked or as ignorant as the Faineants; but it really was almost impossible for their utmost efforts to have succeeded in keeping the peace, even if they had been such giants in mind as Charlemagne had been.

His only son, Lodwig—Ludovicus Pius, as the Latins called him; Louis le Debonnaire, as he stands in French books—was a good, gentle, pious man, but his life was one continual warfare with his sons. After he had given three kirgdoms to his three sons, their

mother died; he married again, and had a younger son, Carl or Charles; and his desire to give a share to this poor boy led to no less than three great revolts on the part of the elder brothers, till at last their poor father died worn out and broken-hearted, on a little islet in the Rhine, in the year 840.

The eldest son, Lothar, was then Emperor, and had for his own, besides the kingdom of Italy and that country where Aachen (the capital) stood, the strip which is bounded by the Rhine and the Alps to the east, and the Meuse and the Rhone to the west. He was in the middle between his brothers—Lodwig, who had Germany; and Charles, who had all the remainder of France. Of course, they fought over this; and when Lothar died, his two sons divided his dominions again—the elder (whose name was the same as his own) got the northern half, between the Meuse and Rhine; and the younger had the old Provincia. They both died soon, and would not be worth speaking of, but that the name of the two Lothars remained to the northern kingdom, Lotharick or Lorraine, and because we shall sometimes hear of the old kingdom of Arles or Provence.

Charles survived all his brothers, and came to be the head of the family, the second Emperor Charles, commonly called the Bald. He was King from his father's death in 840, but Emperor only for two years, from 875 to 877; and his life was a dreary time of tumult and warfare, though he was an active, able man, and did his best. He had a good deal more learning than Charlemagne had to begin with, and like him

had a school in his palace, where the most remarkable person was a Kelt from one of the old Scottish or Irish monasteries called John ; and also Scot, or Erigena (a native of Erin). He was a great arguer and philosopher, and got into trouble with the Pope about some of his definitions. King Alfred the Great of England, who had his own palace school, invited Scot to it, and afterwards placed him in the abbey at Malmesbury; but there the rude English scholars' hatred to Scot broke out, and when he tried to keep order they killed him with the iron pens with which they wrote on wax tablets. At least so goes the story.

Charles the Bald had little peace to enjoy his palace school, for the same reason as Alfred was at war. The Northmen were even more dreadful enemies to France than to England. The first fleet of their ships had been seen by Charlemagne, and he shed tears at the sight ; for he perceived that all his efforts to subdue and convert Bavarians, Saxons, and Frisians had not saved his people from a terrible enemy of their own stock, far more earnest in the worship of Odin, and (as he foresaw) likely to come in greater numbers. All through the troubles of Louis le Debonnaire parties of Northmen were landing, and plundering any city or abbey that was not strong enough to keep them off ; and when Alfred had made England too mighty for them, they came all the more to France. Sometimes they were met in battle, sometimes a sum was offered to them to spare a city from their plunder ; and if the walls were strong, they would generally accept it.

Paris was thus bought off in the time of Charles the Bald from the terrible sea-king, Hasting. Sometimes the bishop of the threatened place would fancy he had converted the sea-king, and would add baptism to the treaty. But once when this was done, and there was a scarcity of white robes for the converts, they turned round in a rage, declaring that wherever they had been washed before they had been more handsomely treated. Another heathen had almost accepted the faith, when he paused and asked what had become of all his dead fathers. His teachers, instead of answering that God is merciful, and deals with men according to what they have, not according to what they have not, replied that they were in hell-fire. "Then," said the pupil, "do you think I will desert them? I cast in my lot with them wherever they are." It is not certain whether it was one of Witikind's Saxons or a Northman who made this answer.

After Charles the Bald, three very short reigns, only lasting seven years altogether, of his son and his two grandsons, and then the head of the Carlings was Charles III., commonly called *der dicke* (the Thick or the Fat)—in France known as Charles le Gros. He was the son of Lodwig the Pious, and seems to have been less fit than most of his kindred for the difficulties of his post as Emperor of the West, or King of the Franks.

The Northmen were worse than ever in his time, not so much from his weakness, as because Harald the Fairhaired had made himself sole King of Norway, driving out all opposition; and those who would not

brook his dominion now came southward, intending not only to plunder, but to win homes for themselves. One of these was the famous Rolf Gange, or Walker, so called because he went into battle on foot. In the year 885 Rolf and another sea-king named Sigurd sailed up the Seine with 700 great ships, which stretched for six miles along the stream, and prepared to take Paris. First, however, Sigurd sent for Bishop Gozlin, and promised that if the city were only yielded to him he would allow no harm to be done, no man's goods to be touched. But the Bishop said the city had been entrusted to him and Count Eudes (the governor) by the Emperor, and that they could not yield it up; and for full thirteen months the place was besieged, until at last the Emperor arrived with an army collected from all the nations under him; but, after all, he did not fight—he only paid the Northmen to leave Paris, and go to winter in Burgundy, which was at enmity with him. In fact, every part of the domains of the empire was at enmity with poor fat Charles; and the next year (887) a diet or council met on the banks of the Rhine and deposed him. Arnulf, a son of the short-lived Carloman, was made Emperor, Count Eudes was crowned King of France, Guy (Duke of Spoleto) set up a kingdom in Italy, Boso of Aries called himself King of Provence, and Rodolf (another count) was crowned at St. Moritz King of Burgundy; so that the whole Empire of Charlemagne seemed to have been broken up, and Rolf went on conquering more than ever, especially in Neustria.

The siege of Paris, here mentioned, made an im-

mense impression on French and Italian fancy, and was the subject of many poems and romances in later times. Only they mixed up together in one the three Carls—the Hammer, the Great, and the Fat—and called him Carlo Magno, surrounded him with Paladins, of whom Roland or Orlando was foremost; made the Saracens besiege Paris and be beaten off, and pursued into Spain, where the battle of Roncevalles and the horn of Roland played their part— all having of course the manners of knights and ladies of the fifteenth century, with plenty of giants, enchanters, and wonderd of all kinds of magical and fairy lore.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTS OF PARIS.—887.—987.

Poor Carl the Fat died of misery and grief the year after he was deposed, but he was not the last Carling. Besides the Emperor Arnulf, there was a son of Ludwig the Stammerer (another Carl), who tried to win the old French domains back from Eudes. In fact, the westerly Franks, who held Paris and all the country up to the Atlantic Ocean, had become much mixed with the old Gauls, and had learned to speak Latin a little altered—in fact, the beginning of what we call French—and they held with Eudes; while the Franks round Laon and Soissons were much more German, and chiefly clung to the Carling Carl, though he bore no better surname than the Simple. The further eastward Franks of Franconia, as we now call it, with all the other German tribes—Swabians, Frisians, Saxons, Bavarians, etc.—were under Arnulf, and made up the kingdom of Germany. The Franks west of the Rhine never were joined to it again; and after the death of Arnulf's only son, Ludwig the Child, no more Carlings reigned there, and soon the Saxons obtained the headship.

The Counts of Paris were not Gauls, but Saxons

who had settled in the Frank country and made common cause with the Gauls. They had the same sort of patience with which the first Carlings had waited till the Meerwings were quite worn out. Eudes let Charles the Simple govern the lands between the Meuse and the Seine, and when Eudes died, in 898, his brother Robert the Strong only called himself Duke of France, and left Charles the Simple to be King of the Franks.

All this time Rolf and his Northmen had gone on conquering a home in Northern Gaul. They did not plunder and ravage like common vikings, but they spared the towns and made friends with the bishops; and though they fought with the nations beyond, they treated all the country between Brittany and the River Epte as if it were their own. Charles the Simple came to an agreement with Rolf. He said that if Rolf would become a Christian, and accept him as his King, he would give him his daughter in marriage, and grant him the possession of all these lands, as Duke of the Northmen. Rolf consented, and in 911 he was baptized at Rouen, married Gisla (the king's daughter), and then went to swear to be faithful to the king. Now, this ceremony was called swearing fealty. It was repeated whenever there was a change either of the over or the under-lord. The duke, count, or whatever he was, knelt down before the over-lord, and, holding his hands, swore to follow him in war, and to be true to him always. The over-lord, in his turn, swore to aid him and be a true and good lord to him in return, and kissed his brow. In return, the

under-lord—vassal, as he was called—was to kiss the foot of his superior. This was paying homage. Kings thus paid homage, and swore allegiance to the emperor; dukes or counts, to kings; lesser counts or barons, to dukes; and for the lands they owned they were bound to serve their lord in council and in war, and not to fight against him. Lands so held were called fiefs, and the whole was called the feudal system. Now, Rolf was to hold his lands in fief from the king, and he swore his oath, but he could not bear to stoop to kiss the foot of Charles. So he was allowed to pay homage by deputy; but the Northman he chose was as proud as himself, and, instead of bending, lifted the king's foot to his lips, so that poor Charles the Simple was upset backwards throne and all.

Rolf was a sincere Christian; he made great gifts to the Church, divided the land among his Northmen, and kept up such good laws that Normandy, as his domains came to be called, was the happiest part of the country. It was even said that a gold bracelet could be left hanging on a tree in the forest for a whole year without any one stealing it.

Charles the Simple, in the meantime, was overthrown in another way; for Robert of Paris and Duke Raoul of Burgundy made war on him and took him prisoner. His wife was the sister of the English king Athelstan, and she fled to him with her young son Ludwig, or Louis. They stayed there while first Robert was king for a year, and then Raoul, and poor Charles was dying in prison at Peroune; but when Raoul died, in 936, the young Louis was invited to

come back from England and be king. The Count of Paris, Hugh the Great, and Rolf's son, William Longsword (Duke of Normandy), joined together in making him king; but he was much afraid of them, and lived at Laon in constant hatred and suspicion. The French people, indeed, held him as a stranger, and called him Louis d'Outre Mer, or from beyond seas.

At last William Longsword was murdered by the Count of Flanders, when his little son Richard was only seven years old. Louis thought this his opportunity. He went to Rouen, declared himself the little boy's right guardian, and carried him off to Laon, and there treated him so harshly that it was plain that there was an intention of getting rid of the child. So Osmond de Centeville, the little duke's squire, rolled him up in a bundle of straw, and carried him to the stable like fodder for his horse, then galloped off with him by night to Normandy. A great war began, and Harald Blue-tooth, King of Denmark, came to the help of the Northmen. Louis was made prisoner, and only gained his freedom by giving up his two sons as hostages in his stead. Hugh, Count of Paris, aided young Richard of Normandy; while the Saxon Emperor of Germany, Otho, aided Louis; and there was a fierce struggle, ending in the victory of the Count of Paris and the Northmen. One of the young Frank princes died in the hands of the Normans; the other Lothar, was given back to his father when peace was made, giving the Counts of Paris another great step in power.

In the year 954 Louis IV. died at Rheims, and his widow entreated that the great Count Hugh would protect Lothar. He did so, and so did his son and successor, Hugh—commonly called Capet, from the hood he wore—who managed everything for the young king.

When there was a war with Otho, the Emperor, the Franks said, "It is a pity so many brave men should die for two men's quarrel. Let them fight a single combat, and we will have for chief whichever gains." This shocked the Germans, and one of them said, "We always heard that the Franks despised their king. Now we hear it proved."

Peace was made, and the Emperor gave Lothar's younger brother Charles the province of Lotharrik, or Lorraine, as it was coming to be called.

Lothar died soon after, in 986; and though his son Louis V. was crowned, he only lived a year, and when he died in 987, the great counts and dukes met in consultation wtth the chief of the clergy, and agreed that, as the Counts of Paris were the real heads of the State, and nobody cared for the Carlings, it would be better to do like the Germans, and pass over the worn-out Carlings, who spoke old Frank, while the Paris Counts spoke the altered Latin, which came to be called French. So Charles, Duke of Lorraine, was not listened to when he claimed his nephew's crown, but was forced to return to his own dukedom, where his descendants ruled for full eight hundred years, and then again obtained the empire, as you will hear.

And in 987, Hugh Capet, Count of Paris, was

crowned King of France, and from that time French history begins. At first it was Gaulish history, then it was Frank history, but at last it has become French history

The family which began with Robert the Strong exists still, after more than 1000 years, of which it reigned over France for 900 at least. It is usually called the House of Capet, from Hugh's nickname, though it would be more sensible to call it the House of Paris. So, remember three great families—Meerwings or Merovingians, Frank chiefs; Carlings or Carlovingians, the chief of whom was Emperor of the West; House of Paris, or Capetians, Kings of France.

CHAPTER X.

HUGH CAPET.—987-997.

GET one of the older maps of France, where it is in provinces, and not departments, and I will try to show you what it was to be King of France when Hugh Capet was crowned at Rheims. Remember, there had once been a great Empire of the West; indeed, there was an empire still, only the head of it was a Saxon instead of a Frank, and it had been divided into different nations or tribes, as it were, each ruled over by an officer or count or duke of the Emperor's. Now, the nations had fallen apart in groups, and their chiefs held together according to what suited them, or who was the strongest, and some with more, some with less, feeling that the Emperor had a right over them all. But as to meddling in the management of a duke or count's province, no emperor nor king had any power to do that.

The new king was Duke of France, and Count of Paris, and Guardian of the Abbey of St. Denys. So in the place called the Isle of France he was really master, and his brother Henri was Duke of Burgundy. On the Loire was the great county of Anjou, with a

very spirited race of counts; and to the eastward were Vermandois and Champagne, also counties. In all these places the nobles, like the king himself, were descended from the old Franks; but the people in the towns and villages were Gauls, and they all talked the form of broken Latin which was then called the *Langue d'oil*, because *oil* or *oui* was the word for yes. This has now turned into French. In Normandy the people were Northmen, but were fast learning to talk nothing but French; and in Brittany both duke and people were still old Kymry, and talked Kymric. They had never been much under the Romans or Franks. They hated the French and Normans, and never paid them any homage if they could help it; but the Norman dukes always considered that Brittany had been put under them, and this led to plenty of wars.

The southern half of the country had only been overrun from time to time, never subdued or peopled even in the greatest Carling times. There the people were less Gaul than Roman, and talked a less altered Latin, which was called *Langue d'oc*, because they said *oc* instead of *oui;* and it was also called Romance or Provencal. Old Latin learning and manners, with their graces and elegances, were still kept up in these parts, and the few Frank chieftains who had come in had conformed to them. These were the Dukes of Aquitaine or Guyenne, the Counts of Toulouse, and the Counts of Narbonne. But in the southwest of Aquitaine, near the Pyrenees and the sea, were an old race called Basques, who seem to be older still than

the Gauls, and do not speak their language, but a strange and very difficult one of their own. The Basques, where more mixed with the other inhabitants in the plains, were called Gascons in France, Vascons in Spain, and were thought great boasters.

These Romance-speaking counts were considered by the King of France to belong to him; but whether they considered themselves to belong to the King of France was quite a different thing. The County of Provence, Old Provincia, certainly did not, but held straight from the Holy Roman Empire. So did the other countries to the eastward, where a German tongue was spoken, but which had much to do with the history of France—namely, Lorraine, where the old Carlings still ruled, and Flanders.

So you see a king of France was not a very mighty person, and had little to call his own. But just as the empire was cut up into little divisions, so each dukedom or county was cut into lesser ones. If the duke or count did homage to emperor or king, he had under him barons (sometimes counts) who did homage in their turn for the lands they held. And as the king could not make war without a council of his counts and dukes, no more could the duke or count without a parliament or council of his barons. When money was wanted, the clergy and the burghers from the towns had to be called too, and to settle what they would give. The lands held in this way were called fiefs, and the great men who held straight from the king himself were crown vassals; those under them were their vassals. In time of war the king called his crown

vassals, they called their barons, the barons called the vavasours or freemen under them, and got their men in from working on the farms, and out they went. Money was not common then, so the lands were held on condition of serving the lord in war or by council, of giving a share of help on great occasions in his family or their own, and so many days' work on his own farm when it was wanted.

This was called the feudal system, and sometimes it worked well; but if the baron was a hard man, the poor peasants often suffered sadly, for he would call them to work for him when their own crops were spoiling, or take the best of all they had. And the Franks had got into such a way of despising and ill-treating the poor Gauls, that they hardly looked on them as the same creatures as themselves. When two barons went to war—and this they were always doing—the first thing they did was to burn and destroy the cottages, corn, or cattle on each other's property, and often the peasants too. The barons themselves lived in strong castles, with walls so thick that, as there was no gunpowder, it was not possible to break into them. They filled them with youths whom they were training to arms—the younger ones called pages, the elder esquires or shield-bearers; and as they practised their exercises in the castle court, the bearing of a gentleman was called courtesy. When a squire had attended his knight battle, grown perfect in all his feats of arms, could move about easily in his heavy shirt of little chains of linked steel, and ride a tilt with his lance against another man armed like himself, and had

learned enough to be a leader, he was made a knight or chevalier, as the French called it, by a blow on the shoulders with the flat of the sword before an elder knight. A belt and gilded spurs marked the knight; and he was required to vow that he would fight for God and his Church, be faithful and true, and defend the poor and weak. Gradually chivalry, as this spirit of knighthood came to be called, did much to bring in a sense of honor and generosity; but at this time, in the reign of Hugh Capet, there was very little good to be seen in the world. All over France there was turbulence, cruelty, and savage ways; except, perhaps, in Normandy, where Duke Richard the Fearless and his son Duke Richard the Good kept order and peace, and were brave, upright, religious men, making their subjects learn the better, rather than the worse ways of France.

Just at this time, too, the Church and the clergy were going on badly. The Pope had—ever since, at least, the time of Carl the Great—been looked on as the head of the whole Western Church, and the people at Rome had the power of choosing the Pope. Two wicked women, named Marozia and Theodora, gained such power by their riches and flatteries, that they managed to have any one chosen Pope whom they liked; and of course they chose bad men, who would do as they pleased. This had gone on till the year 962, when the Emperor Otho came over the Alps, conquered Italy, and turned out the last of these shameful Popes. Then he and his successors chose the Pope; but this was not the right way of doing

things, and the whole Church felt it, for there was no proper restraint upon the wickedness of the nobles. The bishops were too apt to care only for riches and power, and often fought like the lay nobles; and in the monasteries, where prayer and good works and learning ought to have been kept up, there was sloth and greediness, if not worse; and as to the people, they were hardly like Christians at all, but more like brute beasts in their ignorance and bad habits.

Indeed, there hardly was a worse time in all the history of Europe than the reign of Hugues Capet, which lasted from 987 to 997.

CHAPTER. XI.

ROBERT THE PIOUS,—997–1031; HENRY I.—1031–1060; PHILIP I.—1060–1108.

In a very curious way a better spirit was stirred up in the world. In the Book of Revelation it is said that Satan is to be bound for a thousand years. Now, as the year 1000 of our Lord was close at hand, it was thought that this meant that the Day of Judgment was coming then, and there was great fear and dread at the thought. At first, however, the effect only seemed to be that the wicked grew worse, for they feasted and drank and revelled, like the men before the flood; and when the year 1000 began, so many thought it not worth while to sow their corn, that there was a most dreadful famine and great distress everywhere, so that there were even wretches who set traps in the woods to catch little children for their food.

But all this time there were good men who taught repentance, and one blessed thing they brought about while people's hearts were soft with dread, was what was called the Truce of God, namely, an agreement that nobody should fight on Sundays, Saturdays, or Fridays, so that three days in the week were peaceable

The monasteries began to improve, the clergy to be more diligent, and the king himself, whose name was Robert, was one of the best and most religious men in his kingdom. He used to come to the Abbey at St. Denys, every morning to sing with the monks; he used the Psalms every day in prayer and praise, and wrote and set to music several Latin hymns, which he carried to Rome and laid on the altar at St. Peter's; and he loved nothing so well as waiting on beggars, and dressing the wounds of the sick. But he could not manage his kingdom well, and everyone took advantage of him. He had married his cousin, Bertha of Burgundy, who was heiress of Arles in Provence. Now Provence belonged to the Empire, and the Emperor did not choose that the Kings of France should have it; so he made the Pope, whom he had appointed, declare that Robert and Bertha were such near relations that they could not be husband and wife, and, with great grief, Robert submitted, Bertha went into a nunnery, and he married Constance of Aquitaine. She brought all the gay fashions of Southern France with her, and her followers wore their clothes and cut their hair, sung songs and made jokes, in a way that offended the Northern French very much. She was vain and light-minded herself, could not endure the king and his beggars, and grew weary of his hymns and prayers. The sons were more like her than like their father, and Robert had a troubled life, finding little peace except in church, until he died in the year 1031.

His eldest son, Henry I., reigned after him, and the second, Robert, became Duke of Burgundy, and began

a family of dukes which lasted on four hundred years. The spirit of improvement that had begun to stir was going on. Everybody was becoming more religious. The monks in their convents began either to set themselves to rights, or else they founded fresh monasteries in new places, with stricter rules, so as to make a new beginning. And a very great man, whose name was Hildebrand, was stirring up the Church not to go on leaving the choice of the Pope to the Emperor, but to have him properly appointed by the clergy of the Diocese of Rome, who were called Cardinals—that is, chiefs. Though there was much fierceness and wildness, and much wickedness and cruelty, among the great nobles, they still cared more for religion; they built churches, they tried to repent as they grew old, and some went on pilgrimage to pray for the forgiveness of their sins at the Holy Sepulchre, where our Blessed Lord once lay.

One of these pilgrims was Robert the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy. He walked on foot very humbly in the country, but at Constantinople, he rode through the gates of the city with his mule shod with silver shoes, loosely fastened on, so that the people might pick them up. He died on his way, and his young son, William, had to fight very hard with enemies on all sides before he could keep his dukedom.

Henry I. had been dead six years, and his son Philip I. had reigned six, from 1060, when this great Duke of Normandy became still greater, by winning for himself the kingdom of England. Philip did not much wish this. He was afraid of William, and did not at all wish

to see him grow so much more powerful than himself. He spoke contemptuously of the new King of England whenever he could, and at last it was one of his foolish speeches that made William so angry as to begin the war in which the great conqueror met with the accident that caused his death.

Philip was by no means a good man. After he had lost his first wife, he fell in love with the beautiful Countess of Anjou, Bertrade de Montfort, and persuaded her to come and pretend to be his wife. His son Louis, who was so active and spirited that he was called *l'éveille*, which means the Wide-awake, showed his displeasure, and Philip and Bertrade so persecuted him, that he was obliged to come for refuge to England. However, in spite of the king's wickedness, there was much more spirit of religion in the people. There were many excellent Bishops and Abbots, and some good nobles ; Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, the descendant of the old Carlings, was one of the very best of the princes at that, or indeed any other time.

It was in this reign that a pilgrim, named Peter the Hermit, came home with a piteous history of the cruelty of the Mahometans, who had possession of the Holy Land. He obtained leave from the Pope, Urban II., to call all the warriors of Christendom to save the Holy Sepulchre, where our Blessed Lord had lain, from the hands of the unbelievers. The first great preaching was at Clermont, in Auvergne ; and there the whole people were so much moved that they cried as if with one voice, "God wills it," and came crowding round to have their left shoulders marked with a cross made of

two strips of cloth. An army came together from many of the lands of the west, and the princes agreed to lay aside all their quarrels while the Crusade lasted. The good Duke Godfrey led them, all through Germany and Hungary, and across the narrow straits of the Bosphorus, meeting with many troubles and perils as they went; but at last they did get safe to Jerusalem, laid siege to it, and conquered it. Then they chose Godfrey to be King of Jerusalem, but he would never be crowned; he said it was not fitting for him to wear a crown of gold where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns. Many nobles and knights stayed with him to help him to guard the holy places, while the others went home. Two convents of monks resolved that, besides being monks, they would be soldiers of the Holy War. These were called the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Hospitalier Knights, and the Knights of the Temple. The Hospitaliers had their name because they had a house at Jerusalem for receiving the poor pilgrims, and nursing them if they were sick or wounded. People from England, Spain, Germany, and Italy were of the Crusade, and might belong to the two orders of knighthood, but there were always more French there than of any other nation.

Louis the Wide-awake was fetched home by the French barons, and ruled for his father for the last six years of Philip's reign, though the old king did not die till the year 1108.

CHAPTER XII.

LOUIS VI. LE GROS.—1108–1137.

It is disappointing to find that Louis the Wide-awake soon became Louis the Fat (Louis le Gros, as in that time, when everybody had a nickname, he was called). But still he was spirited and active, and much more like the old Counts of Paris than any of the four kings before him had been; and he was a good, brave, and just man, who made himself respected. One great change was going on in his time, which had begun in that of his father. The old Roman cities in the South of France had gone on governing themselves much as in the Roman times, but the northern towns had most of them fallen under the power of some Frankish noble family, who were apt to call on them for money, and take away the young men to fight. Whenever one of these towns grew rich and strong enough, it would buy leave from the king and the noble to take care of itself. Then the noble had no more right over it; but the burghers built their walls, practised themselves in fighting, and guarded their gates and towers. All the chief men in each trade made up a town council, and one of them was chosen

each year to be the mayor or provost, and manage their affairs. A great bell was rung when the people were wanted to come together, or in time of danger; and they knew well how to take care of themselves. The burghers only went out to war when the king himself wanted them, and then they went on foot, and wore plain armor, not like the gentlemen, who were all knights and squires. These free towns were called *communes;* but often they could not get or keep the freedom without a great deal of fighting, for the nobles were very jealous of them, and the kings never made more communes than they could help.

Do you remember that when Robert, Duke of Normandy, governed so badly, his Normans asked King Henry I., his brother, to help them? Louis did not choose to see the eldest brother despoiled, and he was glad that the King of England and the Duke of Normandy should not be the same person. So he helped Robert, but could not keep him from being beaten at Tenchebray, and afterwards made prisoner. Afterwards Louis befriended poor young William, Robert's son; but he was beaten again at Brenneville. There were 900 knights in this battle of Brenneville, and only three were killed, the armor they wore was so strong. Afterwards Louis helped William to obtain the County of Flanders, which he inherited in right of his grandmother, Queen Matilda; but the poor young prince had not long been settled in it before he died of a hurt in the hand from a lance-point.

Three noted men lived in the time of Louis VI. They were Suger, St. Bernard, and Pierre Abailard.

Suger was abbot of the monastery of St. Denys, of which the Kings of France, as Counts of Paris, were always the protectors; where their most precious banner, the oriflamme, was kept, and where they always were buried. He was a clever and able man, the king's chief adviser, and may perhaps be counted as the first of the men who filled the place of king's adviser, or, as we now call it, prime minister. In those times these statesmen were almost always clergy, because few others had any learning. Pierre Abailard was a learned Breton, who studied deeply at Paris (where there was a university much esteemed), and went very far into all sorts of sciences. He became the teacher of a young lady called Heloise, niece to a clergyman at Paris. They fell in love with one another, and he took her away to Brittany; but she left him soon after their marriage, because a married man could not be a priest, and only clergy could flourish as scholars. So she went into a convent, and at last became the abbess, and Abailard became a monk of St-Denys, where he went on studying and writing till at last he confused himself, and taught wrong doctrines, which a council of the Church condemned; but the struggle and debate went on many years longer, until the death of Abailard in the course of the next reign Heloise, who survived him, made this epitaph for him in Latin :—"Here lies Pierre Abailard, to whom alone was open all possible knowledge." But to know all that can be known does not bring peace or happiness; and Bernard, the monk, was a more really great man. He was the son of a nobleman in Burgundy, and had

been brought up by a good mother. One of the monasteries that had lately been made the most strict, and which was much esteemed for the holy lives led there, was at Citeaux; and Bernard, at the age of twenty-three, not only retired there himself, but persuaded all his brothers (six in number) to go thither with him. They intended to have left the youngest, a little boy, to keep up the castle and inherit the lands; but he said, "What! all heaven for you, and earth for me?" and insisted on going with them. It seems to us a mistake; but we must remember that a noble in the twelfth century had dreadful temptations to be cruel and lawless, and that a convent often seemed the only way to avoid them.

Citeaux grew so overful of monks that a branch convent was founded at Clairvaux, of which Bernard was made the abbot. His brothers went thither with him, and their old father came after a time to end his days among his sons.

Bernard was one of the most holy and earnest of men, and so learned and wise that he is sometimes called the last of the Fathers of the Church, for many of his writings still remain. His sermons were full of love and beauty, though he never failed to reprove men for their crimes; and though he was the most humble of men, his fame reached throughout his own country and the whole Church, and he was the adviser of kings and popes. He was the person best able to argue with Abailard's subtle errors, and the discussion between them lasted for many years—or, indeed into the next reign.

For Louis VI., though not an old man, fell soon into declining health. He thought he had contrived admirably to get more power for the kings, by giving his son in marriage to Eleanor, the daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine. As she had no brother, her son would have owned that great southern dukedom as entirely as the County of Paris, and this would make a great difference. Young Louis was sent to marry the lady, and fetch her home ; but while he was gone, his father became worse, and died in the year 1137.

It will help you with the dates to remember that Louis began to govern in his father's name in 1100, just as our Henry I. came to the crown ; and that he died three years after Henry, while Stephen and Matilda were fighting in England.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS VII., THE YOUNG.—1137–1180.

THE "Young" is an odd historical name for a king who reigned a good many years; but he was called so at first because he was only eighteen years old when he came to the throne, and the name clung to him because there was always something young and simple about his character.

The first great event of his reign was that St. Bernard stirred Europe once more to a crusade to help the Christians in Palestine, who were hard pressed by the Mahometans. At Vezelay there was a great assembly of bishops and clergy, knights and nobles; and St. Bernard preached to them so eagerly, that soon all were fastening crosses to their arms, and tearing up mantles and robes because enough crosses had not been made beforehand for the numbers who took them. The young king and his beautiful queen Eleanor of Aquitaine, vowed to make the crusade too, and set out with a great army of fighting men, and, besides them, of pilgrims, monks, women, and children The queen was very beautiful and very vain; and though she called herself a pilgrim, she had no notion

of denying herself, so she carried all her fine robes and rich hangings, her ladies, waiting-maids, minstrels, and jesters. The French had no ships to take them direct to the Holy Land, but had to go by land all the way, along the shore of Asia Minor. Numbers of the poor pilgrims sank down and perished by the way; and just as they had passed the city of Laodicea, the Mahometan army came down on the rear-guard in a narrow valley, and began to make a great slaughter. The king himself had sometimes to get behind a tree sometimes behind a rock; and the whole army would have been cut off, if a poor knight named Gilbert, whom no one had thought much of, had not come forward, taken the lead, and helped the remains of the rear-guard to struggle out of the valley. Through all the rest of the march, Gilbert really led the army; and yet after this he never is heard of again, and never seems to have looked for any reward.

When Palestine was reached at last, there were not 10,000 left out of the 400,000 who had set out from home; and the gay queen's zeal was quite spent; and while the king was praying at the Holy Sepulchre, and trying to fight for it, she was amusing herself with all the lively youths she could get round her. She despised her good, pious husband, and said he was more like a monk than a king; and as soon as they returned from this unhappy crusade, they tried to find some excuse for breaking their marriage.

The Pope allowed the king to rid himself of this wicked lady, and let them both marry again. He married Constance of Castille, and Eleanor took for

her husband the young English king, Henry II., and brought him all her great possessions.

The very thing had come to pass that the King of France feared—namely, that the Dukes of Normandy should get more powerful than he was. For Henry II. was at once King of England and Duke of Normandy and Count of Anjou, and his wife was Duchess of Aquitaine and Guienne; and, as time went on, Henry betrothed his little son Geoffrey to Constance, the orphan girl who was heiress to Brittany, and undertook to rule her lands for her; so that the lands over which Louis had any real power were a sort of little island within the great sea of the possessions of the English king. Besides, Henry was a much cleverer man than Louis, and always got the better of him in their treaties. The Kings of France and Dukes of Normandy always met at Gisors. on their border, under an enormous elm-tree, so large that three hundred horsemen could find shelter under the branches; and these meetings never went on well for Louis. He was obliged to promise that his two daughters, Margaret and Alice, should marry Henry's two sons, Henry and Richard, and to give them to Henry to be brought up. When Henry had his great dispute with Archbishop Becket, about the question whether clergymen were subject to the law of the land, Becket fled to France. Louis loved and respected him very much, gave him shelter in an abbey, and tried hard to make peace between him and Henry, but never could succeed, till, after six years, Henry pretended to be reconciled, and Becket went home in the year

1170. He was murdered very soon after, as you have heard in the history of England.

Louis must have been very much surprised when his own former wife, Queen Eleanor, came disguised as a man with her three eldest sons to his court, making great complaints of Henry for keeping the government of their provinces in his own hands. He must have thought it only what they and he both deserved, and he gave them what help he could; but Henry was a great deal more strong and crafty than any of them, and soon put them down. Eleanor was thrown into prison, and kept there as long as she lived. She richly deserved it; but her sons and the people of Aquitaine did not think so. Those people of Aquitaine were a curious race—they were very courtly, though not very good; and they thought more of music, poetry, and love-making than of anything else, though they were brave men too. Every knight was expected to be able to write verses and sing them, and to be able to hold an argument in the courts of love. The best poets among them were called troubadours; and Eleanor herself, and her two sons, Richard and Geoffrey, could compose songs and sing them. All were as much beloved in Aquitaine as Henry was hated; and the troubadours did nothing but stir up the youths to fight with their father and set their mother free; but though they broke out many times, they could never prevail against him.

Louis VII. was married three times—to Eleanor of Aquitaine, to Constance of Castille, and to Alice of Champagne. These three queens had among them

six daughters, but no son ; and this was a great grief, since no woman had ever reigned in France, and it was believed that the old Salian Franks had a law against women reigning. At any rate, this grew to be the rule in France, and it is called the Salic law. However, the question had not to be settled this time, for at last a son was born to Louis ; and in his joy he caused the babe to be christened Philip *Dieu-donne*, or God-given. The boy was the cleverest son who had sprung from the House of Paris for ages past ; and while still quite young, cared for all that concerned his father and his kingdom, at an age when other boys care only for sports and games. When his father met the English king at the elm of Gisors, young Philip looked on and saw how Henry overreached and took advantage of Louis ; and he was bitterly grieved and angered, and made up his mind that some day he would get back all that his father was losing.

However, in the midst of his plans, young Philip was one day out hunting in a forest with his father, when he missed his companions, lost his way, and wandered about all night. When he was found, he was so spent with hunger and cold that he had a bad illness, and was in great danger for some days. When he grew better, King Louis, in great joy, thought this precious life had been granted for the prayers of his old friend Thomas a Becket, and asked leave of Henry to come and give thanks at the archbishop's tomb at Canterbury. He came, and was welcomed as a friend and guest. He gave great gifts to the cathedral,

and especially a beautiful ring, which became one of the great treasures of the place.

He had had his beloved son, though only fifteen, crowned, that France might have a king over her while he was away; and Philip was very soon the only king, for good, honest, simple-minded Louis the Young died very soon after his return from Canterbury, in the year 1180, nine years before the death of his great enemy, Henry II.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP II., AUGUSTUS.—1180–1223.

PHILIP the Gift of God is most commonly known in history as Philip Augustus. Why, is not quite plain; but as he became a very powerful King of France, it is most likely that one of the old names of the Western Emperors, who were all Cæsar Augustus got applied to him.

If his father had still been Louis the Young in his old age, Philip might in his youth have been called Philip the Old, for he was much older in skill and cunning at fifteen than his father had been all his life. The whole history of his reign is of his endeavor to get the better of the Plantagenet kings of England. He so much hated the thought of what he had seen under the elm-tree of Gisors, that he cut it down; and though he hated King Henry and his sons all alike, he saw that the best way to do them harm was by pretending to be the friend of whichever was not king, and so helping on their quarrels. The eldest and the third sons, Henry and Geoffrey, were by this time dead, and Richard of the Lion-heart was the favorite of the Aquitaine troubadours.

There came news from Palestine that the Christians had been conquered by the great Saracen chief Saladin, and that Jerusalem had been taken by him. There was great lamentation, and a fresh crusade was determined on by all the princes of Europe, the Emperor, the King of France, the King of England, and his sons. The Emperor, Frederick of the Red Beard, set off first, but he was lost by the way while bathing in a river in Asia Minor; and the two kings waited to arrange their affairs. Philip's way of doing this was to get Richard to his court, and to pretend to be so fond of him, that they both slept in the same bed, drank out of the same cup, and ate out of the same dish; but he was stirring up Richard—who needed it little—to demand his mother's freedom and the land of Aquitaine, and to rebel against his father, leading his brother John with him. This was the rebellion which broke the heart of Henry II. He died, and Richard went on his crusade as king.

It was the first crusade when the armies went by sea instead of by land. Richard had his own fleet, but Philip was obliged to hire ships of the merchants of Genoa; and when the two fleets reached Sicily, they did not venture to sail on till the winter was over, but waited till spring. Now that Richard was king, Philip no longer pretended to love him; and there were many disputes among the Crusaders. At last they sailed on to help the Christians, who were besieging Acre. Philip arrived first, and quickened the works; but still no great things were done till Richard arrived; and then Philip was vexed that every one talked so much

more of the English king's brave doings than of himself. The heat of the climate soon made both kings fall sick; and when the city was taken, Philip's doctors declared that he must go home at once if he wished to recover. Most likely they were right; but he was glad to go, for he hoped to do Richard a great deal of harm in his absence. The Pope forbade any one to attack a Crusader's lands while he was away; but Philip could stir up Richard's subjects and his brother against him. And when, as you remember, Richard was made captive in Austria, on his way home, Philip even sent money to the Emperor of Germany to keep him a prisoner. At last, when the German princes had forced the Emperor to set him free, Philip sent word to John, in this short note, "Take care of yourself, for the devil is let loose."

But when, two years later, Richard of the Lion-heart was killed at Limoges, Philip became John's most bitter enemy, and the friend of the only other Plantagenet left, namely, Geoffrey's son Arthur, Duke of Brittany, who appealed to his suzerain, Philip, to make him Duke of Normandy and Count of Anjou, as son of the elder brother. Philip called on John to give up these lands; but John offered to make a peace by marrying his niece, Blanche, the daughter of his sister and the King of Castille, to Philip's son, Louis the Lion. Philip was in trouble himself at the time, and consented to make peace.

Philip's trouble was by his own fault. His first wife, Isabel of Hainault, was dead, and he had thought to make friends with the King of Denmark by marry-

ing his daughter Ingeborg. But the Danes were then very rough and untaught, and poor Ingeborg was a dull, clumsy, ignorant girl, not at all like a courtly lady. Philip took such a dislike to her that he sent her into a convent, and married the beautiful Agnes de Meranie the daughter of the Duke of the Tyrol. But there was then ruling one of the mightiest Popes who ever lived, called Innocent III. He was determined not to let any one, however great, go on in sin unwarned: and he called on Philip to put Agnes away, and take back his only true wife. And when Philip would not, Innocent laid the kingdom under an interdict—that is, he forbade any service to go on in any church except in those of the monks and nuns, and there only with the doors shut against all outside. The whole nation was, as it were, cut off from God for their prince's sin. Philip tried to stand up against this dreadful sentence at first; but he found the people could not bear it, so he sent Agnes away, and took Ingeborg back. He was then absolved, and his kingdom went on prospering. When, in 1203, Arthur of Brittany perished in prison, Philip summoned John, as a vassal of France, to answer for the murder. The great vassals met, the trumpets sounded, and John was called on to appear; but as he did not come, he was sentenced to have forfeited his lands of Normandy and Anjou, and Philip entered them with his army and took the castle, while John could not get men or money to come and stop him; and only the lands of old Eleanor of Aquitaine, who was still alive, remained to the English.

This forfeit made a great step in the power of the French kings, since not only had the English kings, lost Normandy and Anjou, but these two great domains belonged to the French king as entirely as his County of Paris. He had no duke or count between him and the barons or cities. Philip's designs against the Plantagenets were favored by John's own crimes. The quarrel with the Pope that you have heard of, about the Archbishop of Canterbury, made Innocent III. invite Philip to go and conquer England, but the fear of this brought John to make his peace with the Pope.

However, John's nephew Otho of Brunswick, was emperor, and he too had quarreled with the Pope, who wanted to make young Frederick of Sicily emperor. Philip took Frederick's part, and Otho marched against him into Flanders. All the French nobles had gathered round their king, and at Bouvines there was one of the greatest battles and victories that French history tells of. Otho had to gallop away from the battle, and Philip said, "We shall see nothing more of him than his back." This great battle was fought in the year 1214.

Very shortly after, Philip's eldest son, Louis, called the Lion, was invited to England by the barons, because they could no longer bear the horrible cruelties and wickednesses of John; and he would not keep Magna Charta, which he had signed. Louis went to England, and London was put into his hands; but when King John died, the barons liked better to have his little innocent son, Henry III., as their king, than to be joined on to France. So, after Louis's troops had been beaten

by land and by sea, he came home and gave up the attempt.

But Philip Augustus certainly had the wish of his life fulfilled, for he had seen his foes of the House of Plantagenet humbled, and brought to bitter trouble, and he had taken to himself the chief of their great possessions.

He died in the year 1223, having lived in the reigns of four English kings, and done his utmost to injure them all. He was not a good man; but as he was brave and clever, and a good friend to the towns, the French were very proud of him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ALBIGENSES—1190; LOUIS VIII. THE LION.—1223–1226;

Louis the Lion had a very short reign, but most of his doings had been in his father's time; and I missed them out that you might hear, all in one, as it were, the history of Philip Augustus and his crafty dealings with the House of Plantagenet.

Now, we will go back and speak of Louis before he came to the throne, and of the people he chiefly fought with. You remember that the South of France, which had first been settled by the Romans, and had never been peopled by the Franks, was much more full of learning and thinking than the northern part. The *Langue doc* was much more used for poetry and elegant speech than the *Langue d'oui*. But, somehow, among these people there rose up a heresy (that is, a false doctrine), which seems to have come to them from the East. It would not be well to tell you all about it, even if you or I could understand it; but one great point in it was, that these people said that the Power of Evil is as great and strong as the Power of Good, thus making Satan like another God, as some old East-

ern pagans had thought. The evil ways of Christians strengthened the notions of these people, who were called Albigenses, from the town of Albi. Their southern cleverness saw what was amiss, and they made songs laughing at the clergy, and at the way they dealt with holy things, and often at the holy things themselves, till they led away a great many people after them, and even some of the great princes of the South, who began to feel as if the Albigenses were something specially belonging to themselves, and to the old culture of the Roman Provincia.

But the great Pope, Innocent III., could not allow all this country to fall away from the church. While he was thinking what was to be done, two men offered themselves to him. One was a Spaniard, named Dominic, who wished to found an order of brethren to go forth, preach, teach, and bring back heretics; the other was an Italian, named Francis, who cared above all for holiness, and longed to be like our Lord, and wanted to draw together men within the Church to be more spiritual and less worldly, and give the enemy no cause to take offence at their faults. Both these good men were allowed to institute brotherhoods, orders not quite like the monks in the old convents, but still poorer. Their brethren were called friars, and went about preaching and hearing confessions, and helping men and women to lead holier lives—those of St Francis in Christian places, those of St. Dominic wherever there was heresy. Dominic was further allowed to judge and punish with severe penances and captivity such as would not be convinced, and the

inquiry into opinions which he and his friars made was called the inquisition.

But the great dukes and counts in the South of France—in Provence, Toulouse, Foix, Albi, and many others—did not choose to have their people interfered with. They all spoke much the same language, and they were resolved, right or wrong, to hold together; and it is really one of the most difficult questions in the world whether it is well or ill to put down false teaching. The more people think and read, the more they doubt about persecution; and so these Provencal princes, being cleverer than their rough neighbors, were the less disposed to punish their subjects; but they were also less religious and less earnest, and Pope Innocent had no question but that they ought to be called to account. So he proclaimed a crusade against them, as if they had been Saracens, and made the leader of it Simon, Count de Montfort, a stern, hard, though pious old knight, the father of the Simon de Montfort who fought with our Henry III. Pedro II., King of Aragon, joined the Albigenses, and there was a terrible war all over the south. In the year 1213 a great battle was fought at Muret, in the County of Toulouse, in which the Albigenses were beaten, and the King of Aragon was killed. Those were cruel times, and the Crusaders treated their captives very savagely. The Count of Toulouse, Raymond, stood on against the Crusaders, and with his son, also named Raymond, fought hard; but the Pope declared them unworthy to rule, and granted Simon de Montfort all the lands he had conquered in the South

of France. In the northern parts he was looked on as a saint, and when he went to do homage to the king, people ran to touch his horse and his clothes as something holy. Indeed, he was a sincerely good man; and though he did many things so cruel that I cannot tell you of them, it was all because he thought it was his duty. Louis the Lion aided him, and learnt the art of war during these battles; but when the Crusaders tried to take the city of Toulouse, the people, knowing how horribly they would be treated, held out against them; and at last, in 1217, the year of our King John's death, one night, when Simon was attacking the walls, a woman threw down a heavy stone, which struck him on the head and killed him.

His eldest son, Amaury, was not such an able warrior, and the Albigenses began to get the better of the Crusaders, while Louis the Lion was away in England; but in the year 1223, when Philip died, and he became King of France, he was called upon by the Pope to begin the war again. He fought with all his might; but in spite of his title of the Lion, he was not as able a soldier as he was a brave man, and in the three years of his reign he did not much weaken the Albigenses, though he was at war with them all through his short reign. While he was passing through Auvergne, a sickness broke out in his army, he fell ill himself, and died in the year 1226.

His eldest son, Louis IX., was only eleven years old; but the queen, Blanche of Castille, his mother, was a very good and spirited woman, and managed the kingdom excellently. She sent troops, who gained

such successes that at last Count Raymond of Toulouse was forced to make peace, and to give his only child into Blanche's hands to be brought up as a wife for her third son, Alfonso. The Count of Provence, who held from the Emperor, had four daughters, and no son, and these ladies were married in due time to the King of France and his brother Charles, and to the King of England and his brother Richard, and thus all that great country of the Languedoc was brought under the power and influence of the north. The Dominican friars and the Inquisition were put in authority everywhere, that the false doctrine of the Albigenses might be rooted out; and there was much of barbarous punishment, imprisonment, torture, and even burning of heretics. It was a cruel age, and no doubt terrible things were done; but that the punishments were savage does not make the faith of the Albigenses right.

It was a time when much thought was going on throughout Europe. Pope Innocent III. had made the Church of Rome very powerful, and though no one who came after was as great as he was, his plans were followed out, and the king of France, who was always called the Eldest Son of the Church, was one of the first to be reckoned on for carrying them out. They were often plans for mere earthly power more than spiritual, but all good men thought it their duty to aid them, and it was a time when there were many good men. The work of St. Bernard and the example of St. Francis were doing much to make the lives of men and women more pure and holy, and there was

more learning and less roughness than in the last age. Everything that was then made was strangely beautiful too—castles, churches, and cities were in most graceful architecture; armor and dress were exquisite in color and shape, and the illuminations in the manuscripts were as lovely as hand could make them.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. LOUIS IX.—1226.

THE little king, Louis IX., who came to the throne in 1226, when he was only eleven years old, was happy in having a good and wise mother, Queen Blanche of Castille, who both brought him up carefully, and ruled his kingdom for him well and wisely.

She was sometimes a little too stern, and as he grew up she was jealous of his caring for anybody else. When he married Margaret of Provence, she did not like the young husband and wife to be very much together, for fear Louis should be drawn off from graver matters; but on the whole she was an excellent mother and queen, and there have been very few kings in any country so good and just and holy as Louis was. He never seems in all his life to have done anything that he knew to be wrong, and he cared more for God's honor than for anything else. Sometimes such very pious kings forgot that they had any duty to their people, and did not make good rulers; but Louis knew that he could not do his duty properly to God if he did not do it to man, so he showed himself a wise, just prince, and good warrior. He was so much stronger

and cleverer than our poor, foolish Henry III., that his barons thought he could take away all Guyenne, which had been left to King John; but he said he would not do an injustice. Henry had married his queen's sister, and their children would be cousins, so he would not do what would lead to wars between them. But when Henry wanted him to give back Normandy and Anjou, he had the matter well looked into; and he decided that King John had justly forfeited them for murdering Arthur of Brittany, and so that he ought to keep them. So he was always sensible as well as just.

He was still a young man, when he had a very bad illness, and nearly died. In the midst of it, he made a vow that if he got well he would go to the Holy Land, and fight to set Christ's Sepulchre free from the Mahometans. As soon as he grew better he renewed the vow, though it grieved all his people very much; but he left them to be governed by his mother, and as soon as he could get his army together, he set out on his crusade with his wife and his brothers.

As the Mahometans who held the Holy Land came from Egypt, it was thought that the best way of fighting them would be to attack them in their own country. So Louis sailed for Egypt, and besieged and took Damietta; and there he left his queen, Margaret, while he marched on by the side of the Nile, hoping to meet the enemy. But it was a bad season, for the Nile was overflowing, and the whole country was one swamp, where the knights and horses could hardly move, and grievous sickness broke out. The king himself became very ill, but he and his men roused themselves when

they found that a battle was near. It was fought at Mansoureh. The adversaries were not native Egyptians, but soldiers called Memlooks. They had been taken from their homes in early infancy, made Mahometans and bred up to nothing but war; and very terrible warriors they were, and quite as much feared by the Sultan and the Egyptians as by the enemy. However, the French feared nothing; they were only too foolhardy; and when the English Earl of Salisbury gave advice to be prudent and keep a guard at the camp, the king's brother Robert called out that he was afraid, and the earl answered in a passion that he should go as far among the enemy as Robert himself. So they all dashed in, and many others, and the Memlooks got between them and the camp, and cut them off and killed them. The king was so weak that he could hardly sit on his horse, but he tried to call his men together and save them; but it was all in vain, the Memlooks were all round them, and he was so faint that his knights took him off his horse, and laid him down with his head in a woman's lap, fearing each moment to see him die. He gave himself up as a prisoner, and lay day after day in a hut with two priests waiting on him. He respected them so much that he could not bear to let them do servants' work for him; and he was so patient and brave, that the Memlooks themselves said he was the best man they had ever seen, and wanted to make him Sultan of Egypt. At last it was settled that he should be set free, if he would pay a heavy ransom, and give up the city of Damietta, which he had taken. This was done, and

afterwards he embarked with his queen and the remains of his army, and went to the Holy Land; but there was a peace just then, and no fighting; and after he had fulfilled his vow of pilgrimage, he returned to France, but not to find his mother there, for she had died in his absence.

Fourteen most happy and good years followed his return. He was a most wise and valiant king in his own kingdom, and thoroughly just and upright. There was a great oak-tree near his palace of Vincennes, under which he used to sit, hearing the causes of the poor as well as the rich, and doing justice to all.

He had a clear, good sense and judgment, that made him see the right thing to do. The Pope had a great quarrel with the Emperor Frederick II., and tried to make Louis take up arms against him, as his father had done against King John of England; but the good king saw that even the Pope's bidding would not make this right, and held back. He and Henry III. of England were very loving brothers-in-law; and during the barons' war in England, Eleanor, the young wife of Edward, the heir of England, was left with his aunt, Queen Margaret of France. You recollect that Louis IX. and Henry III. and their two brothers, Charles, Count of Anjou, and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, had married the four daughters of the Count of Provence. The Earl of Cornwall was chosen to be King of the Romans—that is, next heir to the Western Empire—and when her three sisters were queens, the fourth sister, Beatrice, kept the County of Provence. She is said to have been unhappy because

her sisters sat on thrones, when she only sat on a stool; but before long the Pope offered the kingdom of the two Sicilies to her husband, Charles of Anjou. It rightly belonged to the grandson of the Emperor Frederick, and Louis wished his brother to have nothing to do with it; but Charles was a false and ambitious man, though he pretended to be as religious as Louis; and with an army of Provencals he set out and gained the kingdom we now call Naples and Sicily. The young heir Conradin set off to try to regain his inheritance, but Charles defied him in battle, made him prisoner, and put him to death on the scaffold.

Louis had always intended to make another crusade, and Charles promised to join him in it, as well as Edward of England. All the North of Africa was held by the Moors, who were Mahometans; but Louis had had letters that made him think that there was a chance of converting the Dey of Tunis to the Christian faith, and his brother Charles wished to show them the crusading army in hopes of alarming them, and getting power there. So Louis, with his army, landed in the Bay of Tunis, and encamped in the plains of old Carthage to wait for King Charles and Edward of England; but the Moors were foes instead of friends. It was very hot and unwholesome, and deadly sickness broke out. The good king went about from one tent to another comforting and helping the sick, but he was soon laid low himself. He lay repeating Psalms, and dictating a beautiful letter of advice to his daughter, as he grew worse and worse; and at last, with the words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"

on his tongue, he died in the year 1270, nor has there ever been such a king in France again and few in any other country. Charles of Sicily and Edward of England came three days later ; and as soon as they could get together the poor, broken, sad and sick army, they sailed for Sicily, taking with them the poor young king, Philip, who was very ill himself, and could not go on with the crusade, so that Edward was obliged to go alone, as we all know. Louis and his youngest son, who had died a day or two before him, were buried at St. Denys', and he has ever since borne the well-deserved title of saint.

CHAPTER XVII.

PHILIP III., THE HARDY; AND PHILIP IV., THE FAIR.

1271–1284–1314.

St. Louis left three sons. The second, Robert Count of Clermont, must be remembered, because three hundred years later his descendants, the House of Bourbon, came to the throne of France. The eldest son, Philip III., was a man who left very little mark in history, though he reigned thirteen years. The most remarkable thing that happened in his time was a great rising against his uncle, Charles of Anjou, in Sicily. The French and Provencal knights he had brought with him were proud, and rude in their behavior to the people of the country, and oppressed them heavily. At last, on the Easter Monday of 1282, as the people of Palermo were on their way to hear vespers, all in holiday attire, a French soldier was rude to a Sicilian girl, and a fight broke out, which ended in the killing of all the Frenchmen in the island except one, who had been more kind and gentle than the rest. This was called the Sicilian Vespers. The Sicilians then sent to offer their crown to Pedro, King of Aragon, the nearest kinsman left to their old line. The Pope was so angry

with him for accepting it as to declare his own kingdom forfeited, and to send Philip of France to take it from him. But soon after the French army had advanced into Aragon, sickness broke out among them, the king himself caught it, and died in the year 1284; and Pedro of Aragon gained the island of Sicily and kept it, though Charles of Anjou and his sons reigned on in Naples on the mainland.

Philip IV., called *Le Bel*, or the Fair, was only seventeen years old when he came to the crown; but he was as clever and cunning as his uncle, Charles of Anjou, or his great grandfather, Philip Augustus, and his great object was to increase the power of the crown by any means he could. He had not to deal with an English king like John; but Edward I. was so much more anxious to make one kingdom of Great Britain than to be powerful in France, that he took little concern for his French duchies. So when Philip picked a quarrel and seized Guyenne, Edward would not draw off his men from Scotland to fight for it, but made a peace which only left him Gascony, and sealed it by himself marrying Philip's sister Margaret, and betrothed his son Edward to Philip's little daughter Isabel. It was very wrong—almost the worst action of our great king's life—for young Edward was already betrothed to the young daughter of the poor Count of Flanders, Guy Dampierre, whom Philip was cruelly oppressing. When England thus forsook their cause, Philip made the count prisoner, and so kept him all the rest of his life, Nothing but misery came of the marriage.

But the most remarkable part of the history of

Philip IV. is what concerns the Church and the Popes. For the last two hundred years the Popes had been growing more and more powerful, and ruling over kings and princes—sometimes rebuking them manfully for their crimes, but too often only interfering with what disturbed the worldly power of the Church. Now, Philip was a man of evil life, and was, besides, very hard and grasping in requiring money from the clergy. The Pope, Boniface VIII., was an old man, but full of fiery vehemence ; and he sent a letter of reprimand, bidding the king release the Count of Flanders, make peace, and exact no more from the clergy.

Philip was very angry, and the two went on writing letters that made matters worse, until the Pope threatened to depose the king ; and Philip sent off to Anagni, where the Pope generally lived, a French knight, named Nogaret, and an Italian, called Sciarra Colonna, who had quarrelled with the Pope and fled to France. They rode into Anagni, crying, " Long live the King of France? death to Boniface ! " at the head of a troop of worthless fellows who had gathered round them. The people of Anagni were so shocked that they never moved, and the men went on to the church, where they found the Pope, a grand old man of eighty-six, seated calmly by the altar in his robes, with his tiara on his head. They rushed up to him, insulting him and striking him on the cheeks ; indeed, Colonna would have killed him on the spot but for Nogaret. They dragged him out of the church, and kept him prisoner for three days ; but after that, the townspeople

recovered from their fright, rose, and rescued him, and conducted him safely to Rome; but what he had gone through had been too much for him, and a few mornings later he was found lying quite dead, the head of his stick at his lips, gnawed and covered with foam, and his white hair stained with blood, as if in a fit of terror he had dashed his head against the wall. This piteous death was in the year 1303.

Another Pope was chosen; but as soon as Philip found that the new one was determined to control him, he caused him to be poisoned, and then determined to get the future one into his hands. There were a good many French cardinals who would, he knew, vote for anyone he chose; and meeting in secret the Archbishop of Bordeaux, the king told him he should have their votes on six conditions. Five of these related to the making up of the old quarrel with Boniface; the sixth Philip would not tell then, but the archbishop swore it should be fulfilled; and the king then brought about his election as Pope, when he took the name of Clement V.

To every one's surprise, he chose to be crowned at Lyons instead of Rome, and then took up his abode at Avignon, in Provence, which, though it belonged to the empire, was so much in France as to be entirely in the king's power. As long as the Popes remained at Avignon, they were nothing but tools to the kings of France; and this really seems to have been the greatest misfortune that happened to France. The power of the Popes was stretched much too far, and their interference in temporal matters was often wrong,

but it was the only authority that ever kept kings and princes in order ; and when the Popes lived on French ground, and were afraid to reprove the lords of the country, there was nothing to hinder the evil ways of either kings or nobles, and they went on from bad to worse, unrestrained by the Church, the witness of the truth.

Philip the Fair was a very greedy man, always seeking after money, and oppressing his people heavily to obtain it. Now, you remember that two orders of soldier monks had been set up to defend the Holy Sepulchre. Soon after St. Louis' last crusade, Acre. the last spot that belonged to the Christians, had been taken from them. The Knights Hospitallers had settled in the island of Rhodes, hoping some day to return ; but the Knights Templars had gone to the houses in Europe, where they used to train up young men to arms. They were rich in lands, and, having nothing to do, were proud and insolent. And Philip cast his eyes on their wealth, and told the Pope that his sixth condition was that all the Templars should be destroyed. Most of them were living in France, but the others were invited to hold a great chapter there ; and when almost all were come, horrible accusations were made—that they were really heathen, that no one came into their order without being made to renounce his baptism and trample on the Cross, that they murdered little children, and other frightful stories ; and then 502 were imprisoned by the Inquisition, and 72 tortured to make them confess.

Most of them were brave, and denied it all · but

there were a few who could not bear the pain, and said whatever was put into their mouths. Then, after being kept in prison two years, the rest were sentenced, brought out in parties of fifty and burnt to death, while the Pope declared the order dissolved, and gave the king all their possessions. This was in 1311. The Grand Master, James de Molay, was kept in prison three years longer, but then was brought out at Paris, and burnt before the king's palace garden. He was a fine old white-bearded man; and as he stood there in the fire, he called on Clement, Pope of Rome, and Philip, King of France, to appear before the judgment seat of God—the first within forty days, the second within a year—to answer for their usage of him and his knights.

Before the 40th day, Clement V. actually died; and before the year was out, Philip the Fair sank away from consumption, and died in his 46th year, in the year 1314, leaving a most hateful name in French history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOUIS X., HUTIN—1314–1316; PHILIP V., LE LONG CHARLES IV., LE BEL—1322; PHILIP VI.— 1350.

PHILIP THE FAIR left three sons—Louis, Philip, and Charles—and one daughter, Isabel, who was married to Edward of England. Louis X. was called by the nickname of *Hutin*, which is said to mean the Peevish, or Ill-tempered. He was married to the young Queen of Navarre, in her own right; but he only reigned two years, and his only son lived but five days. The French barons declared it was against the old law of the Salic Franks that their kingdom should fall to a woman, so Louis's little daughter Joan was only to be Queen of Navarre, while his brother, Philip V. (*Le Long*, or the Tall), became king. He must have been as cruel as his father, for there rose up in his time a foolish story that the fountains of water had been poisoned by the lepers and the Jews, whereupon he gave orders that they should suffer for it. They were killed on the spot, or else burnt at the stake throughout France, while the king and his nobles seized the treasures of the Jews; but in the midst the king died, at only thirty years old, in the year 1322, leaving only

four girls; so that his brother, Charles IV., reigned after him. It was during the six years that Charles was on the throne that his sister Isabel came from England with complaints of her husband, Edward II., and succeeded in collecting the knights, who helped her to dethrone him, after which he was brought to a miserable end in prison.

Every one believed that the sins of the wicked father had been visited on these three sons—dying young, and without heirs; and the French were glad when Charles the Fair died, in 1328, that their kingdom should go to Philip VI., Count of Valois, the son of the younger brother of Philip IV., Charles of Valois.

But Edward III. of England called himself the right heir, declaring himself nearer in blood to his uncle, Charles IV., than Philip of Valois, their first cousin, could be. This was true; but, then, if all the daughters of the three last kings were shut out from reigning, it was not reasonable that he should pretend to a right through their aunt. At first, though he put his claim forward, he seems to have been willing to let it sleep; but there was a certain Robert of Artois, who had been deprived of what he thought his lawful inheritance, and who was suspected of wanting to bring about Philip's death by sorcery. He was said to have made a waxen image of the king and stuck it full of pins, and set it before the fire, expecting that, as the wax melted, so Philip would perish away and die. Philip believed the story, and Robert was obliged to fly to England, where, out of hatred and revenge, he stirred up the king to put forward his claim, and

to begin the war with France which is sometimes called the Hundred Years' War. The great cities in Flanders, where cloth was woven, were friendly to the English because in that peaceable country the sheep that bore the wool could feed quietly, and their supplies of material came from thence. Besides, Philip had tried to make them accept a count whom they hated, so they drove him away, and invited Edward to Ghent. The French fleet tried to meet and stop him, but their ships were defeated and sunk, with great loss of men off Sluys, in the year 1340.

Not long after, there was a great dispute about the dukedom of Brittany, which was claimed by the daughter of the elder brother, and by the younger brother of the late duke. The niece had married Charles de Blois; the uncle was the Count de Montfort. The King of France took the part of the niece, the King of England that of Montfort. Before long, Montfort was made prisoner and sent to Paris; but his wife, the brave Joan, defended his cause as well as any knight of them all. She shut herself up in Hennebonne, and held out the town while De Blois besieged her; and when the townsmen began to lose heart, and say they must surrender, she opened the window of the castle, and bade them look out to sea; and there was the English fleet coming to their aid. Sir Walter Manny commanded the troops it brought, and the first thing he did was to lead a party to sally out and burn the French machines for battering the town. When they came back, Countess Joan came to meet them, and kissed all the knights, like a right valiant lady as

she was, says the old chronicler Froissart, who has left us a charming history of these times. The war in Brittany lasted twenty-four years altogether. Montfort made his escape from prison, but died very soon after he reached home; and his widow sent her little son to be bred up in Edward's court in England, while she took care of his cause at home. The English were very much hated and disliked in Brittany, and seem to have been very fierce and rough with the people, whose language they did not understand; and some of the knights who were the greatest foes of all to the English grew up in Brittany, more especially Bertrand du Guesclin and Oliver de Clisson, but they were as yet boys.

Edward made his greatest attack on France in the year 1346. Philip had gathered all the very best of his kingdom to meet him. The knights of France were nearly as strong as the knights of England, but there was one great difference between the two armies, and that arose from the harshness of the counts and barons. Every one below them was a poor miserable serf (unless he lived in a town), and had never handled arms. Now, in England there were farmers and stout peasants, who used to practise shooting with the bow once a week. So there were always sturdy English archers to fight, and the French had nothing of the same kind to meet them, and tried hiring men from Genoa. The battle was fought at Crecy, near Ponthieu; and when it was to begin by each troop of archers shooting a flight of arrows at one another, it turned out that a shower of rain which had just fallen had slackened the

bow-strings of the Genoese archers ; but the Englishmen had their bows safe in leathern cases, and their strings were in full order, so the arrows galled the French knights, and a charge was ordered to cut them down. But full in the way stood the poor Genoese, fumbling to tighten their strings ; and the knights were so angry at being hindered, that they began cutting them down right and left, thus spending their strength against their own army, so that it was no wonder that they were beaten and put to flight. King Philip himself had to ride as fast as he could from the battle-field ; and coming to a castle just as night set in, he blew his horn at the gates, and when the warder called out to know who was there, he answered, " Open, open ! it is the fortune of France ! "

The English went on to besiege and take the city of Calais ; and in Brittany, Charles de Blois was defeated and made prisoner ; and there was the further misfortune of a horrid plague, called the black death, raging all through France. Five hundred people a day died in the great hospital called the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, and it was bad also in England ; so that both kings were glad to have a truce, and rest for a few years, though Edward still called himself King of France and the dispute was far from settled. Philip paid his men by causing the nation to pay a tax upon salt, while Edward's chief tax was on wool ; so while Philip called his rival the wool merchant, Edward said that the Valois did indeed reign by the Salic law (*sal* being the Latin for salt).

The Counts of the Viennois, in the South of France,

used to be called Counts Dauphin, because there was a dolphin in their coat of arms. The Dauphin Humbert, having neither children nor brothers, bequeathed his county to the king's eldest grandson, Charles, on condition that it should always be kept separate from the Crown lands. Ever since that time the eldest son of the King of France has always been called the Dauphin.

A year later Philip died, in the year 1350, after a reign that had been little more than one long war.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHN.—1350–1364.

If Philip VI. had a reign which was all one war, it was much the same with his son John, who thought himself a brave and honorable knight, though he often did evil and cruel actions.

The little kingdom of Navarre, in the Pyrenees, had passed from the daughter of Louis Hutin to her son, Charles, called the Bad. In right of his father, the Count D'Evreux, he was a French noble, and he wanted to hold the highest office a noble could hold —namely, that of Constable of France. The Constable commanded all the armies, and was the most mighty person in the realm next to the king; and when John gave the appointment to the Lord Charles de la Cerda, Charles the Bad, in his rage and disappointment, contrived to poison the new Constable; and he was also said to have tried to poison the Dauphin Charles; and though the dose failed to kill, it ruined the young man's health, and in the end shortened his life. It was owing to the Dauphin that Charles the Bad was seized at last. He invited him to dinner, and appeared to be very friendly; but in the midst of

the feast the king appeared with a band of soldiers, seized the King of Navarre, and carried him to prison. It was very treacherous; but the Dauphin Charles, young as he was, was much more cunning than his father.

Charles the Bad was clever, and had many friends who were angered by his imprisonment, and went over to the cause of the King of England. Edward, the Prince of Wales, who was at Bordeaux, the capital of Gascony, took the opportunity of advancing into the French dominions, and John assembled an army to meet and drive him back.

The battle was fought at Poitiers; John was there with his sons and his brother, and all his best knights, and the battle was long and hotly fought. The French did much better than at Crecy; but the English were too strong for them, though the king was as brave as a lion, and struck vehemently with his battle-axe, his youngest son, Philip, keeping close to him, and warning him where to strike. "This way, father!" or, "That way, father!" "To the right!" "To the left!" But at last the father and son found themselves almost alone, with all their men scattered and dispersed, and nothing but enemies around. The king had lost his helmet, and was slightly wounded, and greatly worn out; so he called to the first squire he saw—one Denis de Morbeque—and finding that he was a gentleman, surrendered to him. He was brought to the Prince of Wales, who treated him with the utmost kindness and courtesy, and did his best to lighten the pain and humiliation of captivity.

The Dauphin had fled early in the day, and was thought to have been the cause of the loss of the battle. Everything fell into a deplorable state. The Prince of Wales ruled the old English Gascon territory at Bordeaux; and though there was a truce between the two kings, troops of soldiers—Free Companions, as they called themselves—roamed about, plundering and robbing all over France, while the king was a prisoner in England, The Dauphin was hated and despised, and had no power at all; and in Paris, a burgher named Stephen Marcel was chosen provost, and led all the populace to terrify the Government into doing what he pleased. The mark of his followers was a hood, half red and half blue; and thinking that the Dauphin's friends gave him bad advice, Marcel suddenly rushed into his presence, at the head of a whole troop of Parisians, wearing these colors, and demanded, "Will you put an end to these troubles, and provide for the defence of the kingdom?" "That is not my part," said Charles, "but that of those who receive the money of the taxes." Marcel made a sign, and his followers murdered the two noblemen who stood beside the Dauphin. The prince in terror, fell on his knees and begged for his life; and Marcel thrust one of the red and blue hoods upon his head, and then told him, pointing to the two corpses, "I require you, in the name of the people, to consent to their death, for it is done by the will of the people."

The Dauphin consented; but he soon made his

escape, and took up arms against Marcel. Charles of Navarre had been released from his prison, and was fighting in the South of France; and Charles de Blois had been ransomed, and was fighting in Brittany; and, to add to all these, the peasants, who had been always ill-used and trampled down by the nobles, began to rise against them. "*Bon homme Jacques*" had been the nickname given them by the nobles, and hence this rebellion was called the Jacquerie, and a terrible one it was; for the peasants were almost savages, and whenever they could surprise a castle, they murdered everyone in it. They set up a king from among them, and soon 100,000 had risen in Picardy and Champagne; but they were armed only with scythes and axes, and the nobles soon put them down, and then were just as brutal themselves in their revenge. The "King of the Jacques" was crowned with a red-hot tripod, and hung; and the poor wretches were hunted down like wild beasts, and slaughtered everywhere, and nothing was done to lessen the misery that made them rebel.

The Dauphin besieged Paris, and Marcel, finding he could not hold out, invited the King of Navarre to help him; but another magistrate, who hated Charles the Bad, contrived to attack Marcel as he was changing the guard, killed him and six of his friends, and brought the Dauphin back into Paris. This was only the first of the many fierce and tumultuous outbreaks that have stained the fair city of Paris with blood.

King John was so anxious to return, that he prom-

ised to give up to Edward all that Henry II. and Cœur de Lion had held; but the Dauphin and the States-General did not choose to confirm his proposal, thinking it better to leave him in prison than to weaken the kingdom so much. So Edward invaded France again, and marched almost up to Paris, intending to fight another battle; but the Dauphin had made up his mind never to fight a battle with the English again; and between the war and the Jacquerie, the whole country was bare of inhabitants, cattle, or crops. The English army was almost starved, and a frightful tempest did it much damage; so that Edward consented to make peace, and set John free, on condition that his two sons should be given up as hostages for the payment of a great ransom, and a large part of Aquitaine ceded to England.

King John returned; but he found the kingdom in such a dreadful state of misery and poverty, that he could not collect the money for the ransom, nor would his sons remain as pledges for it. They were allowed to live at Calais, and make short journeys into France; but they would not submit to this, and at last stayed away altogether. John was much grieved and ashamed, and said the only thing he could do was to return and give himself up as a prisoner, since he could not fulfil the conditions of his release. When he was entreated to remain at home, he said, "Where should honor find a refuge if not in the breasts of kings?" and accordingly he went back to London, where he was welcomed as a friend by King Edward, and there he died in the year 1364. He left four

sons—the Dauphin Charles; Louis, the Duke of Anjou; John, Duke of Berry; and Philip, who had married the heiress of Burgundy, and was made duke of that province.

CHAPTER XX.

CHARLES V.—1364–1380.

CHARLES V., in spite of his troubles as Dauphin, was a much abler man than his father, John; and he had seen the best way to treat the English enemy —namely, not to fight with them, but to starve them out.

The French knights could beat any one except the English; and just now there professed to be peace with Edward III., but with Charles the Bad of Navarre there was still war, until a battle was fought at Cocherel, between the French, under the brave Breton knight, Bertrand du Guesclin, and the Navarrese, under the great friend of the Black Prince, the brave Gascon knight, the Captal de Buch. Du Guesclin gained a great victory, and made the Captal prisoner, and from that time no French knight was equal to him in fame. Thus Charles the Bad had to make peace.

The young De Montfort, who had been brought up in England, was by this time old enough to try to fight for Brittany; and though the kings were at peace, the Prince of Wales lent him a troop of En-

glish, commanded by the best captain in all Europe, Sir John Chandos; and at the battle of Auray, Charles de Blois, who had so long striven to win the duchy, was killed, and Du Guesclin was made prisoner. After this, the king accepted Montfort as Duke of Brittany, and this war was likewise over.

But after so many years of fighting, there were a great many men who knew and cared for nothing else. They could not be quiet. All they wanted was a horse and armor, and some one to hire them to fight, let them gain plunder, and take prisoners to ransom. They called themselves Free Companions, or Free Lances, and used to get some skilful warrior to be their leader. When the wars were over and nobody wanted to hire them, they would take possession of some castle, and live by plundering the travellers in the country round, so that they were the most dreadful plague imaginable.

King Charles asked Du Guesclin how to get rid of them, and Bertrand thought of a plan. Castille, in Spain, had just then one of the wickedest kings who ever lived, Peter the Cruel, who murdered his wife (a cousin of Charles), and killed most of his half-brothers, beside many other persons. One of the brothers, Henry of Trastamare, managed to escape, and came to France to beg for help; and Du Guesclin told the king that it would be an excellent way of getting rid of the Free Companions to draw them off into Spain. Charles consented, and Du Guesclin invited their leaders to meet him; and when they found that he would lead them, they all consented, making sure of

plenty of fighting and plundering. As they rode past Avignon, they frightened the Pope into giving them a large contribution; and as soon as they entered Castille, Peter the Cruel fled away, and Henry was crowned king. He kept Du Guesclin in his service, but sent all the others back to France.

However, Peter came to Bordeaux, and showed himself to the Black Prince as an ill-used, distressed king; and Edward took up his cause, and undertook to set him on his throne again. All the Free Companions, who were coming back from Spain, no sooner heard that the Prince was going there, than they took service with him to restore the very king they had just dethroned. A great battle was fought at Navareta, in which the Prince was victorious. Du Guesclin was made prisoner, and Henry of Trastamare fled for his life. Pedro was placed on the throne once more; but he kept none of his promises to the English, and they soon perceived what a horribly cruel and wicked wretch he was. Sickness broke out among them, and they went back to Bordeaux leaving him to his fate. Every one in France was most anxious to have Du Guesclin free again, and even the maidens of Brittany are said to have spun day and night to earn money for his ransom. As soon as the sum was raised and he was at liberty, he returned to Spain with Henry, and they chased Pedro into the Castle of Montiel, whence he came out in the night and attempted to murder his brother, but in the struggle was himself killed, to the great relief of all concerned with him.

The Black Prince was, in the meantime, ill at Bor

deaux, and in trouble how to pay the Free Companions, since Pedro had not given him the promised sum. He was obliged to tax his Gascon subjects, and this made them angry. They appealed to Charles V., who was still their suzerain, and he summoned the Prince to appear at Paris and answer their complaint.

Edward said he should only come with his helmet on his head and sixty thousand men behind him, and so the war began again; but the Prince was out of health, and could not fight as he used to do, and the French king forbade his captains ever to give battle, even Du Guesclin, whom he made Constable of France, and who grumbled much at being forbidden.

The war was carried on by sieges of castles, which, one by one, fell into French hands for want of means on the part of the English prince to relieve them.

Stung and embittered, at last he roused himself; and though he could no longer mount his horse, he went in a litter to besiege the city of Limoges, and when it was taken, he sought his revenge in a terrible massacre of all the inhabitants. This, his saddest, expedition was his last. He went back to England a sick man, and never recovered. Governors were sent to Bordeaux; but they could do little against the continually advancing French, and at last nothing in France was left to Edward but the province of Gascony and the city of Calais. A truce was made; and before the end of it both the great Edwards were dead, and Richard II. on the throne, under the regency of his uncles, who tried to carry on the war, but still with no better fortune.

It was while besieging a little castle, named Chateau Randon, that the brave Du Guesclin fell sick of a fever and died. The English captain had promised to surrender if help did not come to him within a certain time; and when he heard that the great constable was dead he would not yield to any one else, but caused himself to be led to the tent of the dead man, on whose breast he laid down the keys of the castle. The king made Du Guesclin's friend, Oliver de Clisson, Constable in his stead. He was a Breton too, a brave knight, and a skilful leader, but his brother had been made prisoner by the English, and hung, and he had made the savage vow that he would never spare the life of an Englishman, so that he was called the Butcher; and it was a dreadful thing to fall into his hands.

The king himself did not live much longer. He had never entirely shaken off the effects of the poison his bad namesake had given him, and knew he should die young. He carefully instructed his queen Joan de Bourbon, how to protect his two young sons, Charles and Louis; but to his great grief she died first, and he was obliged to leave the boys to the care of their uncles, when he died on the 16th of September, 1380, after a reign of so much success that he is commonly known as Charles the Wise.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHARLES VI.—1380–1396.

It was an evil hour for poor young Charles VI. when at twelve year old, he was left an orphan king. His uncles—the Dukes of Anjou, Berri, and Burgundy (his father's brothers), and the Duke of Bourbon (his mother's brother)—quarrelled about the government, and he was allowed to grow up little heeded or restrained, and with all his passions unchecked.

The Church was in a most unsettled state. The Popes, while living at Avignon, were at the beck of the French kings, and this could not be borne by the other lands of the Western Church. Besides, they and their cardinals had not enough to do in this little town, and idleness led to all kinds of wickedness, while their proper abode at Rome was left to wild tumults and confusion. So at last, in the year 1376 Pope Gregory XI. had decided on going back to Rome, though Charles V. and all the cardinals of French birth did all they could to prevent him. He died two years after he came there; and then all the cardinals who wanted to stay in Italy chose one Pope, and all the cardinals who wished to live at Avignon chose an-

other, and went back with him. So there were two Popes, the real Pope and the anti-Pope, and this made a grievous division, which is known as the Great Schism. The French and all their friends held by the Pope at Avignon, the English and all theirs by the Pope at Rome; and things grew worse than ever, for both Popes were very poor, and wanted as much money as they could; and they were also afraid to offend either kings or bishops, for fear they should leave their party, and so sin and wickedness went on unchecked.

One of the proudest nobles was Louis, Count of Flanders. He had many rich cities in his county, where almost all the best cloth, linen and lace of the time was made, and where the burghers were rich and resolute. There was always much dislike and distrust between the counts and the cities; and Louis was so severe, that at last the men of Ghent rose against him and shut their gates, choosing as their leader Philip von Artevelde, the son of the brewer, Jacob von Artevelde, who had been a friend of Edward III. Artevelde led them out to fight with the count, gained a great victory, and hunted him into the city of Bruges. There he was as much hated as he was in Ghent; all the people in the streets rose up against him, and nobody would give him shelter, till at last he found himself in the house of a poor widow who had sometimes received alms at his gate. He begged her to hide him, and she bade him creep under the bed, where her three little children were lying asleep. He had only just had time to do so, when his enemies burst open the door, declaring he had gone in there;

but the widow bade them look in, and when they saw only the bed full of children, they thought he could not be there, and went away.

In the morning he managed to get out of the city, and escaped to Paris, where he begged the king and his uncles to come to his help. He had but one daughter, who was to marry the son of the Duke of Burgundy; so it was their interest to bring the Flemish towns to obedience, and the young king was very eager to make his first campaign. All the revolted burghers came out to battle with the knights and gentlemen, but they could not make head against such a well-tried old leader as the Constable de Clisson, though they fought desperately; and at the battle of Rosbecque 26,000 men were killed, and Philip von Artevelde was trampled to death in the flight.

The young king loved and admired the Constable de Clisson more than any one else; but the old man was much hated by many others for his harshness and cruelty; and one night, in the streets of Paris, he was set upon by some murderers, who wounded him badly, and he was only saved by falling against a house door, which gave way with his weight, so that he fell into a dark passage, where his enemies left him for dead, and fled away into Brittany. The king demanded that they should be sent back to be put to death, but the Duke of Brittany, who hated Clisson, would not give them up. Charles made sure that the duke had set them on, and in a great rage declared that he would lay all Brittany waste. He collected his troops and set out, but a strange thing happened as he was

riding through the forest of Mans, on a burning hot summer day. A man, probably mad, rushed out from the bushes, caught his bridle, and cried, "Ride no further, king; thou art betrayed!" The man was drawn away; but presently after, as they rode on, a page who had charge of the king's lance fell asleep on horseback, and let the point ring against the helmet of the man in front. This must have made the king fancy the treason had begun, and becoming frantic that moment, he drew his sword and rushed upon his followers, crying, "Down with the traitors!" He killed four, but the others saved themselves by pretending to fall before the stroke; and at last, as his strength became spent, a tall, strong knight sprang on his horse behind him and overpowered him. He was carried back to Mans, where he had a brain fever; but he recovered, and was for some time in perfect health, governing, not perhaps well, but with kind intentions. He married Isabel of Bavaria; and had she taken better care of him, his life would have been far happier; but she was a dull, selfish woman, who cared more for good eating and amusement than for her husband and children, whom she neglected greatly.

At a great festival, the king and five of his nobles dressed themselves up as wild men of the woods, in close garments, covered with pitch, with long loose flakes of tow hanging to them to represent hair, and green boughs round their heads and waists. Chained together, they danced in among the ladies, who were to guess who they were. The king's brother (the Duke

of Orleans) held a torch so near to one of them, the better to see who it was, that he set fire to the tow, and the flames spread to the whole party. Four were burnt to death, one saved himself by breaking the chain and leaping into a tub of water, and the king himself was preserved by the Duchess of Berri, who threw her mantle over him ; but the shock had been so great that his insanity came on again, and he was never sensible for long together through the rest of his life. But he still was supposed to rule France, and so the power was in the hands of whoever had possession of him, and this at first was his uncle Philip, Duke of Burgundy.

Still, as there was peace with England, the French knights thought of crusades. Indeed, the Turks, under their great leader Bajazet, were beginning to make their way into Europe ; and the eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy, John the Fearless, set out with a party of French knights to succor the Hungarians against them. They came just as peace had been sworn to on each side ; but it seemed such a pity that their aid should be wasted, that the Hungarians broke their word, and attacked the Turks. But their breach of faith met a due reward, for the whole army was defeated and butchered, and John himself, with twenty-seven nobles, alone lived to be ransomed.

Afterwards, Marshal Boucicault led another troop to help the emperor of Constantinople, Manuel Palæologos, and brought him home to France to visit the king, and ask further aid from the princes of Europe.

CHAPTER XXII.

BURGUNDIANS AND ARMAGNACS.—1415-1422

NOTHING could be more sad than the state of France under the mad king. As long as his uncle (the Duke of Burgundy) lived, he was not so ill cared for, and the country was under some sort of government; but when Duke Philip died, and the dukedom passed to his son, John the Fearless, there was a perpetual quarrel between this rough and violent duke and the king's brother Louis, Duke of Orleans. The Duchess of Orleans—a gentle Italian lady (Valentina of Milan)—was the only person who could calm the poor king in his fits of frenzy, and the friends of Burgundy declared she bewitched him, and made him worse. In the meantime, Queen Isabel would do nothing but amuse herself with the Duke of Orleans, and the king and her little children were left without attendants, and often without proper clothes or food.

The people of Paris hated Orleans, and loved the Duke of Burgundy, and this last was resolved to get the king into his power. So one night, as the Duke of Orleans was going home from supper with the queen, he was set upon by murderers and killed in the streets of Paris; and, what was even more horrible, the Duke

of Burgundy caused a priest to preach a sermon defending the wicked act. The Duchess of Orleans came with her sons and knelt at the king's feet, imploring for the murderer to be punished; but he could do nothing for her, and she went home and died broken-hearted. However, her son, the young Duke of Orleans, married the daughter of the Count of Armagnac, who took up his cause so vehemently, that all the friends of the House of Orleans were called Armagnacs, and were known by wearing a white scarf over the left shoulder, while the Burgundians wore blue hoods.

The king's eldest son, the Dauphin Louis, was sixteen years old, and tried to get into power; but he was a foolish, idle youth, whom no one heeded. When he heard that the new king of England, Henry V., meant to invade France, Louis sent him a present of a basket of tennis balls, saying they were his most fitting weapons, considering his way of life, as the madcap prince. Henry answered that he hoped to return balls from the mouths of cannon against Paris; and it was not long before he actually crossed the channel, and laid siege to Harfleur, in Normandy.

He soon took it, for no aid was sent to it; and he proclaimed himself as King of France, like Edward III. before him, and proceeded to endeavor to conquer the country. The Dauphin collected an army, and marched to intercept him, as he was on his way from Harfleur to Calais to obtain fresh supplies. The French army greatly outnumbered the English, and thought it would be easy to cut them off, seeing them

hungry, sick, and worn with a long march. But the carelessness, the dissensions, and the insubordination of the French army would have caused it to be beaten by a far less skilful general than was Henry V.; and though each noble and knight was personally valiant this did little good when they were not united. There was an immense slaughter at this far-famed battle of Agincourt, and many noted prisoners were taken by the English, especially the Duke of Orleans; and Henry would not allow these nobles to be ransomed, but kept them in captivity in England, until he should have finished winning the kingdom.

The Dauphin Louis escaped from the battle, but died soon after; his next brother (the Dauphin John) did not survive him long; and the third brother (the Dauphin Charles) was entirely under the power of the Armagnac party, as well as his father and mother.

But the Count of Armagnac was so insolent that Queen Isabel could bear it no longer, and fled to the Duke of Burgundy's protection; and soon after the people of Paris rose against the Armagnacs, and murdered every one whom they found belonging to it. The count himself was horribly gashed, and his body was dragged up and down the streets. The poor king was in a fit of madness in his palace; the Dauphin was carried away by his friend, Sir Tanneguy du Chastel; and for a whole month there were nothing but savage murders throughout Paris of all who were supposed to be Armagnacs, until the queen and the Duke of Burgundy arrived, and restored something like order.

No one, of course, had leisure to do anything to relieve Rouen, which Henry V. was besieging, and took in spite of the citizens holding out bravely. The queen and duke determined to make peace with him, and met him at a meadow near Pontoise, where beautiful embroidered tents were pitched; and they held a conference, in which Henry asked in marriage Catherine, the youngest daughter of Charles and Isabel, with the whole of the provinces that had once belonged to the English kings as her dowry—Normandy, Aquitaine, and all. If this were refused, he would conquer the whole kingdom for himself.

No promises were absolutely made. The Duke of Burgundy could not make up his mind to give up so large a portion of his native realm, and began to consider of going over to the Dauphin and helping him to defend himself A meeting was arranged for the duke and Dauphin on the bridge of Montereau; but Tanneguy du Chastel and the prince's other friends had no intention of letting the boy get into the power of the great duke, and during the conference they treacherously stabbed John the Fearless to the heart. His murder of the Duke of Orleans was thus visited upon him, but the crime was dreadful in those who committed it. The consequence was that his son Philip, called the Good, went entirely over to the English; and before long, Henry V. was married to Catherine, and was to be Regent of France as long as poor Charles lived, and after that king, the Dauphin being disinherited as a murderer.

All the North of France had been conquered by the

English, and the Dauphin and his friends had retired to the South. Thence they sent to the Scots to ask for help, and many brave Scotsmen came, glad of a chance of fighting with the English. Henry had gone home to England to take his bride, and had left his brother, the Duke of Clarence, in command, when, as the English were marching into Anjou, the Scots fell on them at Beauje, and defeated them, killing the Duke of Clarence.

Henry came back in haste, and again carried all before him. He took the town of Meaux, where a horrible robber lived, cruelly preying on the inhabitants of Paris ; but the siege lasted the whole winter. Henry caught cold there, and never was well again, though he kept his Whitsuntide at Paris with great state. Soon after, he set out for another campaign but he became so ill on the journey that he had to be carried back to Vincennes, and there died. No one of all his own children had ever been so good to poor King Charles as Henry had been, and the loss at last broke his heart. He wept and wailed constantly for his good son Henry, pined away, and died only three months later, in October, 1422, after thirty years of madness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLES VII.—1422-1461.

THOUGH all history counts the reign of Charles VII. as beginning from the death of his unhappy father, yet it was really the infant Henry, son of his sister Catherine and of Henry V. of England, who was proclaimed King of France over the grave in which Charles VI. was buried, and who was acknowledged throughout France as far as the Loire, while his uncle the Duke of Bedford, acted as Regent.

Charles VII. was proclaimed king by the Armagnacs, but most people still called him the Dauphin, and many termed him the King of Bourges, for he lived in that little town, never seeming to trouble himself about the state of his kingdom, but only thinking how to amuse himself from day to day, and sometimes even talking of fleeing to Scotland, and leaving everything to the English.

Bedford, in the meantime, determined to push on the work of conquest, and sent the Earl of Salisbury to lay siege to Orleans; but the place was bravely defended, and Salisbury was killed by a shot in the throat while looking on at the works. Soon after, as some stores

were being sent to the English, a party of French nobles resolved to stop them, and fell upon the wagons. The English came out to defend them, and there was a general battle, which is known as the Battle of the Herrings, because the provisions chiefly consisted of salt fish, intended to be eaten in Lent.

The siege lasted on, but a wonderful aid came to the French. A young girl named Joan d'Arc, though she was called by the Angel St. Michael, and the Virgin Saints, Catherine and Margaret, to deliver her country and lead the king to be crowned at Rheims. At first no one would believe her, but she was so earnest that at last the king heard of her, and sent for her. He received her by torchlight, and standing in the midst of many nobles, more richly dressed than he was; but she knew him at once among them all, and led him a little apart, when she told him things that he declared no one else could have known but himself, and which made him sure she must have some unearthly knowledge. She said her Voices directed her to go and fetch a marvellous sword from the shrine of St. Catherine, at Fierbois, and with this in her hand she led the troops to drive the English from Orleans; but she never herself fought or struck a blow; she only led the French, who had such trust in her, that wherever she led they willingly followed. The English soldiers, on the other hand, believed her to be a witch, and fled in horror and dismay, leaving their leaders, who stood firm to be slain. Thus it was that she succeeded in entering Orleans, and delivering it from the seige. Thenceforth she was called the Maid

of Orleans, and victory seemed to follow her. She fought in the name of Heaven, and did all she could to make her followers holy and good, rebuking them for all bad language or excess; and at last she had the great joy of opening the way to Rheims, the city where all French kings had been crowned ever since the beginning of the Meerwings. She saw Charles VII. crowned and anointed, and then she begged to go home to her cottage; but the king and his council would not permit this, because she was such an encouragement to their men, and a terror to the English. But her hope and confidence were gone, and the French captains did not like her, though their men did; and at Compi gne the governor shut the gates, and left her outside to be made prisoner by the Burgundians. She was kept in prison a long time—first in Burgundy, and then at Rouen—and tried before French and Burgundian bishops, who decided that her Voices had been delusions of Satan, and her victories his work; therefore, that she ought to be burnt as a witch. To the eternal disgrace of Charles VII., he never stirred a finger to save her, and she was burnt to death in the marketplace at Rouen.

No one ever deserved less to win back a kingdom than Charles. He amused himself with one unworthy favorite after another; but there was a brave spirit among his knights and nobles, and the ablest of them was Arthur, Count de Richemont, brother to the Duke of Brittany, and Constable of France. As they grew stronger, the English grew weaker and less prudent. The Duke of Burgundy was offended, and

made his peace with the King of France; and the Duke of Bedford soon after died at Rouen, worn out with care and trouble.

Step by step, bit by bit, did the French king regain his dominion. When his cause began to look hopeful he shook off his sluggishness, and came in person to receive the submission of Paris, and to reconquer Normandy. But the war was not finally ended till the year 1453, when Bordeaux itself was taken by the French; and thus finished the hundred years' war that Edward III. had begun.

Charles VII. was not at all a foolish person when once he chose to exert himself. When the war was over, and the bands of men-at-arms had nothing to do, he managed better than his grandfather, Charles V.; for he laid them under strict rules, and gave them pay, so that they made him stronger, instead of being a torment to the whole country. But the nobles were very angry, and rose in an insurrection, which the Dauphin Louis joined, chiefly because he thought it would give his father trouble; but when he found the king too strong for the rebels, he made his peace, and left them to their fate.

Charles was a prosperous man, and established peace. In the Church, too, there was peace; for at the council held by the Lake of Constance, in the year 1415, the rival Popes of Rome and Avignon had both been made to resign, and a new one had been elected, who was reigning at Rome; but a great deal of evil had grown up during the Great Schism, which had not been remedied, and things were growing worse and

worse ; for if religion was not rightly taught, sin was sure to get unrestrained. One of the worst parts of Charles's nature was that he was so cold and ungrateful. The merchant, Jacques Cœur, had counselled him and lent him money, and done more than any one else to bear him through his troubles ; and yet he let false and ridiculous accusations be brought forward, on which this great man was stripped of all his property, and sent away to die in exile. Yet Charles's name in history is the Well-served! But his son, Louis the Dauphin, hated him, and in a cunning, bitter way did all he could to vex and anger him. After many quarrels, Louis fled from court, and asked the protection of Duke Philip of Burgundy, who had become the most magnificent and stately of European princes, and hoped to make himself or his son king of the Low Countries.

The old king lived in continual fear of this son of his, and at last fancied that Louis meant to poison him, and refused to take any food or drink, until he lost the power of swallowing ; and thus this cold-hearted, ungrateful king died a miserable death, in the year 1461. His coldness had made every one the more admire the splendid and generous Duke of Burgundy, whose riches and liberality were the talk of all, and whose court was the most stately in existence. Through his mother, he had inherited Flanders, with all the rich manufacturing towns ; and Holland, with her merchant cities ; and his court was full of beauty and luxury.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOUIS XI.—1461–1483

LOUIS XI. was one of the cleverest of men, but also one of the most crafty and cruel, and who has left the most hateful name in history. The one thing he cared for was to be powerful, and no sense of truth or pity would stop him in bringing this about. But it was not for state or splendor that he cared. He wore the meanest and most shabby clothes, and an old hat, surmounted by little leaden images of the saints, which he would take down and invoke to help him. For though his religion could have been good for nothing, since it did not keep him from ever committing any crime, he was wonderfully superstitious. He must really have been taught, like all of his Church, that the saints did not bestow benefits, and could only be asked to intercede for them; but he not only prayed to them direct, but to their images; and it actually seems that he thought that if he told one image of the Blessed Virgin of some crime, or made it some promise, it was a different thing from telling another.

His court fool once overheard him at his devotions, and thought them so absurd and foolish that he could

not help telling of them. The truth was that Louis had no love for God or man, he had only fear; and so he tried to bribe the saints to keep from him the punishments he knew he deserved, by fine promises of gifts to their shrines. And his fear of man made him shut himself up in a grim castle at Plessis-les-Tours, with walls and moats all round, and a guard of archers from Scotland, posted in iron cages on the battlements, to shoot at any dangerous person. He did not like the company of his nobles and knights, but preferred that of his barber, Oliver le Daim, and his chief executioner, Tristan l'Hermite; and whoever offended him if not put to death, was imprisoned in the castle of Loches, often in an iron cage, so small that it was impossible to stand upright or lie at full length in it.

He had one brother, the Duke of Berri, whom he feared and hated, persecuting him till the Duke of Burgundy took the young man's part; but Louis managed to break up their alliance, and get his brother back into his own hands, and then to poison him.

The old duke, Philip the Good, died just after Louis came to the throne, and his son, Charles the Bold, was a brave, high-spirited prince, with much that was noble and earnest about him, though very ambitious, and even more bent than his father on making his dukedom into a kingdom, reaching from the German Ocean to the Alps. To upset this power was Louis's great object. First, he began to stir up the turbulent towns of Flanders to break out against Charles; and then, while this was at work, he came to visit him at his town of

Peronne, hoping to talk him over, and cajole him with polite words. But what the king had not expected came to pass. The mischief he had been brewing at Liege broke out suddenly ; and the people rose in tumult, killed the duke's officers, and shut their gates. No wonder Charles went into a great rage ; and since Louis had put himself into a trap, thought it only fair to close the door on him. He kept him there till the French army had been summoned, and helped to reduce and punish Liege ; besides which, Louis made all manner of oaths, which, of course, he never meant to keep.

King and duke hated one another more than ever ; and Charles, who had married the sister of Edward IV. of England, promised to aid the English if they would come to conquer France. Then Edward should have all the western parts, and he all the eastern. Edward actually came, with one of the finest armies that had ever sailed from England ; but the Duke of Burgundy had been drawn into a war with the German emperor, and could not join him ; and Louis sent cunning messages and bribes to Edward and his friends, to persuade them to go away without fighting. The two kings met one another on the bridge of Pecquiguy across the Somme, with a great wooden barrier put up between, for fear they should murder one another ; and they kissed one another through the bars, while the two armies looked on—the English ashamed, and the French well pleased, but laughing at them for going back in this dishonorable way.

Charles the Bold would have gone on with the war,

but Louis stirred up fresh enemies for him in Switzerland. The French king sent secret messengers into the Swiss towns and cantons to set them against the duke. The town of Basle rose, and murdered Charles's governor, and then joined the young Duke of Lorraine, his bitter enemy, and made war on him. Charles was beaten in two battles, at Morat and Granson; and at last, when he was besieging Nancy (the capital of Lorraine), the wicked Count Campobasso, the commander of his hired Italian troops, on Epiphany night, betrayed him to the Swiss, opened the gates of the camp, and went over to the enemy. There was a great slaughter of the Burgundians; and after it was over, the body of the brave Duke Charles was found, stripped naked and gashed, lying half in and half out of a frozen pool of water.

He only left one daughter, named Mary. His dukedom of Burgundy could not go to a woman, so that returned to France; but Mary had all Flanders and Holland. Her father had betrothed her to Maximilian of Austria (the son of the German emperor); and when Louis was stirring up her towns to rebel against her, she sent her betrothed a ring as a token to beg him to come to her help. He did so at once, and they were married, and were most happy and prosperous for five years, till Mary was killed by a fall from her horse, and her baby son Philip had her inheritance.

So Louis obtained the French part of the duchy of Burgundy. His mother (Mary of Anjou) had been the sister of the Duke of Anjou, who had been adopted as the son of Queen Jane of Naples, the descendant of

Charles of Anjou, St. Louis's brother. Rene, Duke of Anjou, his brother (the father of our Queen Margaret), had never been able to get the kingdom of Naples, though he was always called King Rene, but he did get the county of Provence, which belonged to it; and there he led a cheerful, peaceable life, among painters, poets, and musicians, and was one of the few good men of his time. His wife had been Duchess of Lorraine in her own right, and the young Duke of Lorraine who fought with Charles the Bold was the son of his eldest daughter, for all his sons died young. Louis could not take away Lorraine from the young duke; but he did persuade old King Rene at his death to leave the French kings all his claims to the kingdom of Naples —a very unhappy legacy, as you will see.

Louis had three children—Anne, who married the Duke of Bourbon's brother, the Lord of Beaujeu, and whom he loved; and Jane, a poor, deformed, sickly girl whom he cruelly teased because she was ugly, so that she used to hide behind her sister to escape his eye. She wanted to go into a convent; but he forced her to marry her cousin Louis, Duke of Orleans, who made no secret that he hated the very sight of her, though she was as good and meek as possible. Charles the Dauphin was sickly too, and the king himself had lost his health. He was in great dread of death—sent for a hermit from Italy (Francis de Paula) to pray for him, and vowed to give silver and gold images and candlesticks and shrines to half the saints if they would save him; but death came to him at last, in 1483, just as our wicked Richard III. had gained the crown.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLES VIII.—1483–1498.

YOUNG Charles VIII. was but nine years old when he came to the crown. He was a weakly boy, with thin legs and a large head, but very full of spirit. His father had never cared about his learning, saying that to know how to dissimulate was all that signified to a king; and his sister, Anne, the Lady of Beaujeu, who had the charge of him and his kingdom, thought like her father, and took no pains to teach him. He read nothing but poems and romances about knights and ladies, dragons and enchanters; but he did really gain the best lessons they could teach him, for instead of learning dissimulation, he hated it. He never deceived any one, never broke his word, was always courteous; and so far from showing mean spite, like his father, he never wilfully grieved or vexed any one of any sort through his whole life.

At first, the Lady of Beaujeu was taken up with quarrels with their cousin and brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, who thought he had a better right to be Regent than a woman; and when he could not rule, went off to Brittany and made mischief there. The

Duke of Brittany had no son, and everybody wanted to marry his little daughter Anne. Orleans himself had hopes of getting himself divorced from his poor, good Jane, and marrying this young girl; and at last a battle was fought between the Bretons and French, in which Orleans was knocked down, and made prisoner. He was sent off to one castle after another; but his good wife Jane always followed him to do her best to comfort him, and never left him except to try to gain his pardon; but the Lady of Beaujeu knew better than to let him out as long as Anne of Brittany was not married. Indeed, the Lady thought the best thing would be if young Charles could marry Anne, and join the great dukedom to his dominions.

But on the one hand, Charles was betrothed to Maximilian's daughter Margaret, and Anne to Maximilian himself; and, on the other, there was nothing the Bretons hated so much as the notion of being joined on to the French. They wanted the poor girl of fourteen to marry a grim old baron, Alan d'Albret, who had eight children already, because they thought he would fight for the duchy. In the midst of the dispute, the Duke of Brittany died, and poor young Anne had to strive for herself—on the one side against the French, who wanted to get her duchy into their hands; and on the other against her own Bretons, who wanted to force her into taking old Alan d'Albret. She waited in vain for Maximilian, hoping he would come to her, as he had once come to Mary of Burgundy; and he was setting off, when his son's Flemish subjects, jealous of his raising

troops, rose in tumult; so that he had to hide in an apothecary's shop, till he was carried to prison in the castle at Bruges.

Anne of Beaujeu, in the meantime, raised an army and entered Brittany, taking one town after another. Still Anne of Brittany held out in her city of Rennes. But late one evening a young gentleman, with a small suite, came to the gates and desired to see the duchess. It was the king; and so sweet in manner, so gentle and knightly was he, that Duchess Anne forgot her objections, and consented to marry him. And so the duchy of Brittany was joined to the crown of France. The worst of it was, that Charles VIII. had been betrothed to Maximilian's daughter Margaret; but his sister cared little for scruples, and he was still under her charge. As soon as Charles and Anne were married, the Duke of Orleans was released.

Charles had always lived on romances, and wanted to be a king of romance himself. So he recollected the right to the kingdom of Naples which old king René had left to his father, and he gathered together one of the most splendid armies that ever was seen in France to go and conquer it for himself. Nobody in Italy was ready to oppose him, for the cities were all quarrelling among themselves; and the Pope who was reigning then, Alexander VI., was one of the wickedest men who ever lived. All good men hoped that this young king would set things to right—call a council of the Church, and have the court of Rome purified; but Charles was a mere youth, who cared as yet chiefly for making a grand knightly display; and he could not

even keep his army in order, so that they did dreadful mischief to the people in Italy. and made themselves very much hated. He was crowned King of Naples, and then left a division of his army to guard the kingdom, while he rode back again the whole length of Italy, and on the way claimed the duchy of Milan for his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, whose grandmother, Valentina Visconti, had been a daughter of the Duke of Milan.

The Italian States, however, had all leagued against him, and a great army gathered together to attack him at Fornova. Then he showed all the high spirit and bravery there was in him. He really seemed to grow bigger with joy and courage; he fought like a lion, and gained a grand victory, so that he could go home to Queen Anne feeling like a true knight.

But more goes to make a king than knighthood, and he did not keep up what he had conquered, nor send men or provisions to his army in Naples; so they were all driven out by the great Spanish captain, Gonzalo de Cordova, and only a remnant of them came home to France, in a miserable condition.

Charles began to think more deeply as he grew older. He lost both his infant sons, and his grief changed him a good deal. He read better books than the romances of chivalry; and as he had learnt truth, honor, and kindness before, so now he learnt piety, justice, and firmness. He resolved to live like St. Louis, and began, like him, sitting under the oak-tree to hear the causes of the rich and poor, and doing justice to all.

Above all, he knew how vain and foolish he had been in Italy, and what a great opportunity he had thrown away of trying to get the terrible evils that were going on among the Pope and his cardinals cured by helping the good men left in Italy, together with Maximilian and Henry VII., to call a council of the Church, and set matters to rights. He was just beginning to make arrangements for another expedition, to make up for his former mistakes, when one day, as he was going through a dark passage leading to the tennis court at Blois, he stuck his forehead against the top of a doorway, was knocked backward, taken up senseless, and after lying in that state for a couple of hours, died, in the 29th year of his life and the 15th of his reign, in 1498. He was so much loved that one of his servants died of grief, and his noble temper had trained up in France such a race of knightly men as perhaps has never been seen at any other time.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOUIS XII.—1498–1515.

CHARLES VIII. had lost both his children, so the throne went to Louis, Duke of Orleans, grandson to the second son of Charles V. He was a kindly man, when selfishness did not come in his way, and he was much admired for saying, when he was asked to punish some of his old enemies, that the King of France forgot all injuries to the Duke of Orleans. The first thing, he did however, was to bribe the wicked old Pope, Alexander VI., to separate him from his good, faithful wife, Jane, who went into a convent and spent the rest of her life in praying for him; while he married Anne of Brittany, in order to keep her duchy united with the crown. She was a very noble and high-spirited queen, and kept her court in such excellent order, that the time of good Queen Anne has always been looked back to as the very best time of the French court.

Louis was a vain man, and could not rest till he had done as much as Charles VIII. So he allied himself with the Pope, set off into Italy with another brilliant

army and seized Milan. He did not himself go to Naples, but he sent thither an army, who seized a large portion of the kingdom; but then the Spanish King Ferdinand persuaded Louis to make peace, and divided the kingdom of Naples in half. But while the two kings and their ministers were settling where the division should be, the soldiers in the kingdom itself were constantly quarrelling, and the war went on there just as if the kings were not making a treaty. At first the French had the advantage, for their knights were courage itself, especially one whose name was Bayard, and who was commonly called "the fearless and blameless knight." The Spaniards with Gonzalo de Cordova, their captain, were shut up in the city of Barletta, and stood a long weary siege; but he was wonderfully patient, and held out till fresh troops came out to him from Spain, and then he beat the French completely at the battle of Cerignola, and then drove them out, city by city, castle by castle, as he had done once before.

The Italians themselves hated both French and Spaniards alike, and only wanted to get Italy free of them; but instead of all joining openly together against them, their little states and princes took different sides, according to what they thought most likely to be profitable, though in a battle they did not much care whom they killed, so long as he was a foreigner. A clever Florentine, named Machiavelli, wrote a book called "The Prince," in which he made out that craft and trickery was the right way for small states to prosper and overthrow their enemies;

and this spirit of falsehood was taken for good policy, and is known by his name.

The manner of fighting was curious. Able captains used to get together bands of men-at-arms, who had been trained to skill in warfare, but who did not care on what side they fought, provided they were paid well, allowed to plunder the towns they took, and to make prisoners, whom they put to ransom. Some of these bands were on horseback, some on foot, and the most feared of all among the foot soldiers were the Swiss, who were very terrible with their long pikes, and would hire themselves out to any one who paid them well; but if they did not get money enough, were apt to mutiny and go over to the other side.

The wicked Pope, Alexander VI., was poisoned by drinking by mistake the wine he had meant to poison another person with; and the new Pope, Julius II., made a league with Louis and Maximilian against the Venetians. It was called the League of Cambrai, but no sooner had the brave French army gained and given to Julius the towns he had been promised, than he turned again to his Italian hatred of the foreigner, and deserted their cause. He made another league, which he called the Holy League, with the Emperor Maximilian, the Spanish Ferdinand, and our own Henry VIII., for driving the French out of Italy. This was the sort of bad faith that Machiavelli had taught men to think good policy.

The French army in Italy was attacked by the Spaniards and Italians, and though the brave young general, Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours, gained a

grand battle at Ravenna, he was killed at the close of the day; and the French having everybody against them, were driven back out of the duchy of Milan, and over the Alps, and entirely out of Italy. Louis XII. could not send help to them, for Ferdinand was attacking him in the south of France, and Henry VIII. in the north. The sister of the Duke of Nemours was the second wife of Ferdinand, and he said she ought to be Queen of Navarre; and as the real queen was wife to a French count, Ferdinand seized the little kingdom, and left only the possessions that belonged to the French side of the family; so that henceforth the King of Navarre was only a French noble.

Henry VIII. brought a fine army with him, with which he besieged and took the city of Tournay, and fought a battle at Enguingate, in which the French were taken by surprise; a panic seized them, they left their brave knights, Bayard among them, to be made prisoners, and galloped off so fast that there were only forty men killed, and the English called it the Battle of the Spurs.

Terouenne was also taken, and Louis thought it time to make peace. His wife, Anne of Brittany, was just dead. She had had only two daughters, Claude and Renee; and as Claude was heiress of Brittany, it was thought well to marry her to Francis, Duke of Angouleme, who was first cousin to her father, and who would be King of France. Francis was a fine handsome, graceful young man, but he had a very bad mother, Louise of Savoy. Queen Anne

knew Claude would not be made happy, and tried hard to prevent the match, but she could not succeed, and she died soon after it was concluded. Louis then offered himself to marry Henry's youngest sister, Mary, the most beautiful princess in Europe, and she was obliged to consent. Louis was not an old man, but he had been long obliged to take great care of his health, and the feasting and pageants with which he received his young bride quite wore him out, so that he died at the end of six weeks, on the New Year's Day of 1515.

He is sometimes called the father of his people, though he does not seem to have done much for their good, only taxed them heavily for his wars in Italy; but his manners were pleasant, and that went for a great deal with the French. The Italian wars, though very bad in themselves, improved the French in taste by causing them to see the splendid libraries and buildings, and the wonderful collections of statues, gems, and vases of the old Greek times, which the Italian princes were making, and those most beautiful pictures that were being produced by the greatest artists who have ever lived. This brought in a love of all these forms of beauty, and from that time forward the French gentlemen were much more cultivated than they had been in the old knightly days, though, unfortunately, they were much less religious, for the sight of those wicked Popes had done them all much harm.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANCIS I.—YOUTH.—1515–1526.

FRANCIS I., the new King of France, was twenty years old, and very brilliant, handsome, gracious, brave, and clever, with his head full of chivalrous notions, but with no real sense of religion to keep him up to the truth and honor that are the most real part of chivalry.

To conquer Italy was, as usual, his first notion, and he set out across the Alps; but the Swiss had turned against him, and blocked up his way at Marignano. There was a terrible battle, beginning late in the day, and when night came on everything was in confusion. The king lay down to rest on a cannon, and asked for some water; but the only water that could be found was red with blood, and he turned from it, sickened. All night the great cow-horns, which were the signal of the Swiss troops, were heard blowing, to gather them together; but the French rallied sooner, and won a complete victory, which was very much thought of, as no one had ever beaten the Swiss before. When it was over, Francis knelt down before Bayard, and

desired to be dubbed a knight by him, as the bravest and truest of knights. When this was done, Bayard kissed his sword, and declared that it should never be put to any meaner use.

After this, Francis went on to take possession of Milan; and he had an interview with the Pope at Bologna. It was a new Pope, called Leo X., a man very fond of art and learning, and everything beautiful, though he cared little for duty or religion. He made an agreement with Francis, which is called the Concordat of Bologna. By this the king gave the Pope certain payments every year forever, and gave up the calling synods of his clergy regularly; and the Pope, in return, gave the king the right for himself and his successors of appointing all the bishops, deans, abbots and abbesses in France forever. Nothing ever did so much harm in France, for the courtiers used to get bad men, little children, and all sorts of unfit persons appointed, for the sake of their lands and wealth; and the clergy, being hindered from taking counsel together grew more idle and dull. The people were taught nothing good, and every sin that they were prone to grew worse and worse.

Francis himself was a spoilt child, caring only for pleasure and what he called glory. He wanted to be Emperor of Germany, and tried to get Henry VIII. to help him; and they had a great meeting at Ardres (near Calais), when such splendors in tents, ornaments, and apparel were displayed, that the conference was known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The two kings were both joyous young men, and they wrestled

and played together like two boys; but nothing came of this display, for Henry really preferred the young King Charles of Spain, who was the grandson to the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, and thus inherited the Low Countries.

When Maximilian died, Francis offered himself for the empire, and told the electors they were to think of him and Charles, not as enemies, but as rivals for the same lady. This, however, was only a fine speech, for Francis was much discontented when Charles was chosen emperor, and began a war again at once; but all he got by this was, that the Italians rose and drove his army out of Milan. Another misfortune befel him. His mother, Louise of Savoy, who had always spoilt him, and whom he gave way to more than any one else, was so foolish as to fall in love with Charles, Duke of Bourbon and Constable of France; and when the Constable laughed at her, she resolved to ruin him, and made the king most unjustly decide against him in a suit about his lands. The Constable was so angry that he went to Spain, and offered to serve Charles against his king and country. He was so good a captain that Charles was glad; but every one felt that he was a disgraced man, and the old Spanish noble in whose castle the emperor lodged him would not so much as shake hands with him. However, he was with the army that Charles sent into Italy to meet that with which Francis tried to regain Milan. In a little battle near Ivrea, the good knight, Bayard, was shot through the back. The French were retreating before the enemy, and were forced to leave him lying under a

tree; but the Spaniards treated him with the deepest respect, and when the Constable de Bourbon came to him, it was with much grief and sorrow. "Sir," said the dying Bayard, "you need not pity me for dying in my duty, like a brave man; but I pity you greatly for serving against your king, your country, and your oath." And Bayard set up his cross-handled sword before him, and died as a true and good knight.

But Bourbon did not take warning. He actually led a Spanish army to invade his own country, and ravaged Provence; but all the French rallied under Francis, and he was driven back. Then Francis himself crossed the Alps, hoping to recover what he had lost in Italy, and for a time he had the advantage; but Charles's best general, the Marquis of Pescara marched against him while he was besieging Pavia. There was a terrible battle, fought on the 24th of February, 1525. Francis was too hasty in supposing the victory was his, charged with all his horse, got entangled in the firm Spanish squadrons, and was surrounded, wounded, and obliged to yield himself as a prisoner. Most of his best knights were killed round him, and in a fortnight after the battle there was not a Frenchman in Lombardy who was not a prisoner.

The Marquis of Pescara treated Francis respectfully and he was sent as a prisoner to Madrid, where he was closely guarded; and Charles, who had given out as his object to break the pride of France, would only release him upon very hard terms—namely, that he should yield up all his pretensions to any part of Italy, renounce the sovereignty of the Low Coun

tries, make Henry d' Albert give up his claim to Navarre, and marry Charles's sister Eleanor, giving his two sons as hostages till this was carried out. Francis was in despair, and grew so ill that his sister Margaret came from Paris to nurse him, when he declared that he would rather abdicate his throne than thus cripple his kingdom. If he had held to that resolution, he would have been honored for ever; but he had no real truth in him,and after about ten month's captivity, he brought himself to engage to do all that was demanded of him; but, at the same time, he made a protest, before a few of his French friends, that he only signed the treaty with Charles because he was a prisoner and in his power, and that he should not think himself bound to keep it when he was free. If any Spaniard had heard him, this would have been fair; but as no one knew of it but the French, it was a shameful deceit. However, he signed and swore to whatever Charles chose, and then was escorted back to the borders, where, on the river Bidassoa, he met his two young sons, who were to be exchanged for him; and after embracing them, and giving them up to the Spaniards, he landed, mounted his horse, made it bound into the air, and, waving his sword above his head, cried out, "I am yet a king!" He had better have been an honest man; but though his first thought was how to break the treaty, he was at first so glad to get home that he spent his time in pleasures. He had one or two good and noble tastes. He was so fond of those great artists who were then living, that some of their very grandest pictures were painted for

him, such as Raffaelle's beautiful picture of the Archangel St. Michael; and Leonardo de Vinci, one of the greatest of painters, found a home with him, and died at last in his arms

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRANCIS I.—MIDDLE AGE. 1526–1547.

THE other nations of Europe thought that the emperor was too hard upon Francis, and they were the more inclined to join against him when the Imperial army, without any orders to that effect, marched to Rome, under the Constable de Bourbon, and actually took the city. Bourbon himself was shot dead in the assault, and there was no one to stop the troops in the horrible savage cruelties and profanations they committed. The Pope gave himself up as prisoner, and Charles could make what terms he pleased. Francis found he could not stand up against him, so the mother of the French king (Louise of Savoy) and the aunt of the emperor (Margaret of Austria) met at Cambrai, and made what was called the Ladies' Peace, which gave France somewhat better terms than the treaty of Madrid had done.

Things were very bad in France just then, and good and earnest men longed to set them right. John Calvin, a man of much learning, who had been intended for a priest, had, during his course of study, come to think that much of the teaching of the Church of Rome was

mistaken, and he put forth books which were eagerly read by great numbers, especially by the king's sister Margaret, who had married the dispossessed King of Navarre; and by his sister-in-law, Renee, the Duchess of Ferrara.

The king himself liked very well to laugh at the greedy and vicious ways of the clergy he had got about him, and he was too clever a man not to see that they let the people be taught a great deal that was foolish, and could not be true; but Calvin and his friends condemned strongly all his own easy, pleasure-loving ways of life. A real good priest of the Church would have done just the same; but Francis did not bring good ones about him, and the Calvinist teaching made him angry. Besides, Calvin condemned things that were right as well as things that were wrong, and his followers shocked many devout and reverent spirits by treating all the things that they had always thought sacred as idols. Some one broke a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the streets of Paris, and this led to a cry on the part of the people that such things should not be allowed to go on. The persons who were pointed out as Calvinists were seized; and when they showed how little they agreed with the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, they were delivered over by the clergy to the State, and burnt alive, according to the cruel laws for dealing with heretics.

But their brethren were only the firmer in their doctrine, and hated the Romish Church the more for thus trying to put down the truths that contradicted some of her teachings. The Calvinists were called in France

Huguenots, though no one quite knows why. The most likely explanation is, that it is from two Swiss words, meaning "oath-comrades," because they were all sworn brothers. Calvin himself, when he could not safely stay in France, accepted an invitation from the Reformers of Geneva to come and guide them, and thence he sent out rules which guided the French Huguenots.

Margaret, the Queen of Navarre, thought with the Huguenots that much was wrong in her Church, but she would rather have set the Church right; and her brother, the king, never allowed measures to be taken for driving her to break with the Church. Her only child, Jane, was, however, brought up an ardent Huguenot. She was a determined, high-spirited little girl; and when, in her twelfth year, her uncle, King Francis, wanted to marry her to the dull, heavy Duke of Cleves, and send her off to Flanders, she cried and entreated till the good-natured king could hardly bear it. When the poor little bride was dressed, against her will, she either could not stand under the weight of her jewels or she would not try, and her uncle bade the stout Constable de Montmorency take her in his arms and carry her to the church, and so the wedding was gone through; but before the feasts were over, or she could be carried to Cleves, Francis heard news of the duke's having made friends with the emperor, and was very glad to be able to say that, as the bride had never consented, the marriage was null and void. Jane afterwards married Antony, Duke of Bourbon, who was always called King of Navarre in her right, though the

Spaniards had all the real kingdom of Navarre, and she only had the little French counties of Bearn and Foix but here she fostered the Huguenots with all her might.

Charles V. and Francis kept up a war for most of their lives, but without any more great battles. Francis would do anything, however disgraceful, to damage Charles ; and though he was persecuting the Calvinists at home, he helped and made friends with the Protestants in Germany, because they were the emperor's great trouble ; and again, because Charles was at war with the Turks and the Moors, Francis allied himself with them. However, as he deserved, his treachery profited him little, for the emperor gained a fast hold on Italy, and, moreover, invaded Provence ; but the Count de Montmorency laid waste every town, village, and farm in his way, so that his army found nothing to eat, and he was forced to retreat, though, in truth, the poor Provençals suffered just as much from their own side as they could have done from the enemy. However, Montmorency was made Constable of France as a reward.

After this, peace was made for a time, and Charles, who wanted to go in haste from Spain to Flanders, asked leave to pass through France ; and Francis admired himself immensely for receiving him most courteously, sending the Dauphin to meet him, and entertaining him magnificently. But at one of the banquets, we are told that Francis pointed to the Duchess of Chatelherault, saying, " Here's a lady who says I am a great fool to let you go free." The

emperor took the hint, and dropped a costly ring into the gold basin that the duchess held to him to wash his hands in.

Henry departed in safety, but no sooner did Francis hear of his being in trouble in his own domains, than all promises were again broken, and the war began again. This time Henry VIII. was very angry with his bad faith, and joined the emperor to punish it. Charles invaded Champagne, and Henry landed at Calais, and besieged and took Boulogne. However, the emperor first made peace, and then Henry, who promised, in eight years' time, to give back Boulogne for a ransom of two million crowns. Just after this peace was made Henry died, and Francis only lived two months after him, dying in January, 1547, when only fifty-three years old. Poor Queen Claude had long been dead, and he had married the emperor's sister Eleanor, to whom he did not behave better than to Claude. She had had no children, and most of Claude's were weakly and delicate, so that only two survived their father—Henry, who had been the second son, but had become Dauphin; and Margaret, the youngest daughter

CHAPTER XXIX.

HENRY II.—1547–1559.

HENRY II., the son of Francis I., had better qualities than his vain and faithless father, and if he had lived in better times, and had good men about him, he might have been an excellent person. He was not one of the men, however, who can change the whole face of a country for good, but was led along in the stream: his grandmother and father had made the whole court wicked and corrupt, while, now that the Church of France had lost its freedom, the clergy were so much in bondage that nobody dared to speak plain truths to the king, and he went on in sin unrebuked.

The Calvinists (or Huguenots), who read the Bible and tried to keep the Commandments, looked at the wicked court with horror, and declared that the way the clergy let it go on was a sign that their Church could not be true; and, on the other hand, the young nobles mixed up Calvinism and strictness of life in their fancies, and laughed at both; and so the two parties made one another worse.

The king was a kind-hearted man, and very con-

stant in his affections. His greatest friend was the Constable de Montmorency, to whom he held fast all his life; and his other strongest feeling was for a beautiful lady called Diana of Poitiers. She was a widow, and he wore her colors (black and silver) and twisted her initial (D.) up with his own (H.) in his device, without ever being made to see how wrong it was to forsake his wife Catherine, who had been chosen for him when his father wanted to make friends in Italy. She was the daughter of the great Florentine family of Medici, and was very wary and cunning, living so quietly while her husband neglected her, that no one guessed how much ability she had. She had a large family, and the eldest son, Francis, was betrothed to the infant Mary, Queen of Scots, who was sent from her own kingdom to be brought up with her young husband in the court of France.

Henry went on with the war with the emperor, and would not let the French bishops go to Trent, where Charles was trying to get together a council of the Church, to set to rights the evils that had led to the separations. Henry had one very able general, Francis de Lorraine, Duke of Guise (a son of that Rene, Duke of Lorraine, of whom you may remember hearing as grandson to the old King Rene). He sent this general to seize the city of Metz, which he declared he had a right to; and there Guise shut himself up and stood a siege by the emperor himself, until hunger and famine made such havoc in the besieging army that they were forced to retreat.

The emperor was growing old, and suffered much

from the gout, and he longed for a rest and time to prepare himself for death. So he decided on resigning his crowns, and going and spending the remainder of his life in a Spanish monastery. He gave the empire to his brother Ferdinand, and the kingdoms of Spain and the two Sicilies, with Lombardy and the Low Countries, to his son, Philip II., who was married to our queen, Mary Tudor. This made the English join in the war against Henry II., and a small, brave body was sent to the Spanish army, which, with Philip himself, was besieging St. Quentin, a town on the borders of Picardy. One of the bravest men in France (a Huguenot nobleman), Gasper de Chatillon, Admiral de Coligny, was defending the town, and his brother, the Sieur d' Andelot, tried hard to break through and bring him provisions, but he was beaten back; and there was a great battle fought on the 10th of August, 1557, before the walls, when the Constable de Montmorency, who commanded the French, was entirely beaten. He was himself made prisoner, 4000 men were killed, and Coligny was forced to surrender. France had not suffered such a befeat since the battle of Agincourt; and Philip was so thankful for this victory of St. Quentin, that, as it happened upon St. Lawrence's Day, he built, in Spain, a palace and a convent all in one, the ground plan of which was shaped like the gridiron, or bars of iron, on which St. Lawrence was roasted to death. However, it was some comfort to the French that the Duke of Guise managed to take by surprise the city of Calais, which the English had held ever since the time of Edward III.,

and which was their last French possession. But other mischances forced Henry to make peace; and at Cateau Cambresis, in 1559, a treaty was signed which put an end to the long Italian wars that had been begun by Charles VIII. nearly seventy years before. After this, there were great rejoicings; but the persecution of the Calvinists was carried on with the more rigor, and the king and all his court, even the ladies, used to be present at the burnings in the marketplace. One poor tailor, on his way to the stake, turned round and gave the king a last look, which, it was said, Henry never forgot all the days of his life.

These days were not, however, very long afterwards. One of the unjust acts Francis had done was the seizing the little dukedom of Savoy, in the Alps, and adding it to his kingdom. The landless Duke of Savoy had gone and served in the Spanish army, and was an able general—indeed, it was he who had really gained the battle of St. Quentin; and one article in the peace of Cateau Cambresis had been that the French should give him back his dukedom and marry him to Margaret, the only sister of Henry. The wedding festivities were intended to be very magnificent, and Henry began them with a splendid tournament, like those of the old times of knighthood, when the knights, in full armor, rode against each other with their heavy lances. Henry himself took part in this one, and tried to unhorse the Sieur des Lorges, eldest son of the Count de Montgomery. There was generally very little danger to men in steel armor, but as these

two met, the point of Des Lorges' lance pierced a join in the visor of Henry's helmet, and penetrated his eye and his brain. He was carried from the lists, and lay speechless for two days; and, in the meantime, his sister was hastily married in private to the Duke of Savoy, that his death might not delay the fulfilment of the treaty. He died on the 29th of June, 1559, leaving four sons (Francis, Charles, Henry, and Hercules) and three daughters (Elizabeth, Claude, and Margaret), all very young. Some fortune-teller told their mother, Catherine de Medicis, that her sons would be all kings; and this made her very uneasy, as she thought it must mean that they would all die, one after the other, without heirs, like the three sons of the wicked Philip the Fair. However, though the fortune-teller was nearly right, he was not entirely so.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRANCIS II.—1559–1560; CHARLES IX.—1560–1572.

THE next two reigns, though they are, of course, called the reigns of Francis II. and Charles IX., were really the reign of their mother, Catherine de Medicis. Francis was only fifteen when he lost his father, and was weakly and delicate; and though his mother took the chief management of affairs, she knew that he did not care for her half so much as for his young wife Mary, Queen of Scots, who despised her for not being a born queen, like herself, but only of a race of Italian merchants.

Mary's mother had been a sister of the Duke of Guise, and Catherine knew that she would help her uncle forward Besides, the duke was the handsomest and bravest gentleman in France, and had such gracious manners that all loved him. He was quite the head of the zealous Roman Catholics, and Catherine wanted to keep him down. So, as she did not much care for any religion, she made friends with the chiefs of the Huguenots. Queen Jane of Navarre was the real chief, for she had made her little county of Bearn quite Calvinist; but her husband, Antony, Duke of Bourbon, loved amusement more than anything else,

and never cared enough to make up his mind. However, his brother Louis, Prince of Conde, saw that they would be thought more of by the Huguenots than by the other party; and though not a very religious man he was sincere in thinking the Roman errors wrong. So these two drew Antony their way. Besides, the Admiral de Coligny, who had defended St. Quentin, was a thoroughly good, pious, sincere man, and was much looked up to as the noblest of the Huguenots. Conde hated nothing so much as the Duke of Guise, and he had a plan for seizing him and the young king, but it was found out in time; and Guise, on his side, laid a plan for inviting the prince and his brother (who was always called the King of Navarre) into the king's chamber. Francis was to call out, "Here, guards!" and the guards were to dash in and seize or kill the two brothers. But Francis could not make up his mind to do such a cruel, treacherous thing; so he would not give the word, and let the princes go safely. Guise was very angry, and said he was a coward; but it was happy for the poor boy that he was kept from this evil deed, for it was the last act of his life. He died of a swelling in the ear, in his seventeenth year, in 1560. His wife, Queen Mary, went back to Scotland; and his brother, Charles IX., who was only twelve years old, began to reign.

The Duke of Guise lost power at court when his niece went away, and Catherine listened more to Conde. Indeed, she consented that the chief Calvinist ministers should have a conference at Passy with

the bishops, to try if they could not be reconciled to the Church; but though they began peaceably, the argument soon ended in a quarrel. However, the Huguenots were allowed to hold meetings for worship, provided it was not in a walled town, or where they could disturb Catholics; and in their joy at gaining so much, they ventured to do much more; and wherever they were the stronger, they knocked down the crosses and the images of the saints, and did all they could to show their dislike of the Catholic worship.

At Vassy, where the mother of the Duke of Guise lived, there was a barn where the Huguenots used to meet. When her son was visiting her, she complained of them; and when he went to church on Sunday, he heard them singing. His followers were very angry at what they thought impertinence, broke into the barn, made a riot, and killed several. This was the beginning of the great war between the Catholics and the Huguenots—a sad and terrible one. It was interrupted by many short times of peace, but you would only be puzzled if I tried to tell you of all the wars and all the treaties. The chief thing you have to remember is, that a Guise was always at the head of the Catholics, and a Bourbon at the head of the Huguenots; and that though the queen was a Catholic, she sometimes favored the Huguenots, for fear of the Guises; but she was so false that nobody could believe a word she said. The most honest man at court was old Constable de Montmorency, but he was terribly stern and cruel, and every one feared him. The City of Rouen fell in to the hands of the Huguenots, and Guise

besieged it; but in the course of the siege he was shot by a murderer named Poltrot, and died in a few hours. His son Henry, who was very young at the time, always believed that the murderer had been sent by the Admiral de Coligny; and though this is not at all likely, the whole family vowed vengeance against him. During this siege, Antony, Duke of Bourbon (called King of Navarre), was also killed. He was no great loss to the Huguenots, for he had gone over to the other side and his wife, Queen Jane, was freer to act without him.

Old Montmorency, was killed not long after, in a battle with the Prince of Conde near St. Denis; and the queen thought the Huguenots so prosperous that she said, in a light way, to one of her ladies, "Well, we shall have to say our prayers in French." Her sons were beginning to grow up. She did not like to put the king forward, lest he should learn to govern, and take away her power; but her third son, Henry, the Duke of Anjou, was very handsome and clever, and quite her favorite, for he was as false and cruel as herself. In the battle of Jarnac, he commanded. The Prince of Conde, who was on the other side, had his arm in a sling, from a hurt received a few days before; and just as he had ridden to the head of his troops, a horse kicked and broke his leg; but he would not give up, and rode into the battle as he was. He was defeated, and taken prisoner, He was lifted off his horse; and while he sat under a tree, for he could not stand, a friend of the Duke of Anjou shot him through the head.

The Queen of Navarre felt that she must come to the head of her party. She had one son, Henry, Prince of Bearn. As soon as he was born, his grandfather had rubbed his lips with a clove of garlic, and bidden him be a brave man; and the cradle he was rocked in, a great tortoise's shell, is still kept at Pau, in Bearn. He had run about on the hills with the shepherd lads to make him strong and hardy; and Queen Jane had had him most carefully taught both religion and learning, so that he was a boy of great promise. He was fifteen years old at this time; and his cousin Henry, son of the Prince of Conde, was about the same age. Queen Jane took them to the head of the Huguenot army and all were delighted to serve under them, while Admiral de Coligny managed their affairs.

Under him and Queen Jane they prospered more than before, and Queen Catherine began to see that she should never put them down by force. She pretended to make friends with them, and she and her son, Charles IX., made them grants that affronted all the zealous Roman Catholics very much; but it was all for the sake of getting them into her power. She offered to marry her daughter Margaret to the Prince of Bearn, and invited him to her court. Poor Queen Jane could not bear to let her boy go, for she knew what would happen. Catherine kept a whole troop of young ladies about her, who were called the Queen Mother's Squadron, and who made it their business, with their light songs, idle talk, and pleasant evil habits, to corrupt all the young men who came about

them. Now Jane's little court was grave, strict, and dull, and Henry enjoyed the change. Catherine read Italian poetry with him, put amusements in his way and found it only too easy to laugh him out of the strict notions of his home. Poor Jane tried to keep up his love; she wrote to him about his dogs and horses, and all he used to care for; but cunnnig Catherine took care never to have mother and son at her court together. She sent Henry home before she invited his mother to the court. When Jane came, Catherine said to one of her friends, "I cannot understand this queen; she will always be reserved with me" "Put her in a passion," was the answer; "then she will tell you all her secrets." But Jane never would be put in a passion, and Catherine could get no power over her.

While still at court, Jane fell suddenly ill and died. Every one thought Catherine had poisoned her. There was a man about court, a perfumer, whom people called, in whispers, "The Queen's Poisoner."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLES IX.—1572–1574.

Poor young Charles IX. would have been a good man if his mother would have allowed him; but she taught him that the way to reign was to deceive, and he was so much afraid of her that he choked all his better feelings. She was exceedingly afraid of the Huguenots, and thought they were conspiring against her; and the young Henry, Duke of Guise, was ready to do anything to be revenged on Coligny, whom he viewed as his father's murderer. So, to get the Huguenots into her power, Catherine invited all their chief nobles to come to the wedding of her daughter Margaret with young Henry, who had become King of Navarre. The Pope would not give leave for the princess to marry one who stood outside the Church, but the queen forged his consent; and the poor bride who was in love with the Duke of Guise, was so unwilling, that, at the wedding itself, when she was asked if she would have this man for her husband, she would not say yes; but her brother Charles pushed her head down into a nod, to stand for yes.

Coligny and all his friends had come to the wedding;

and the king was so much delighted with the brave, honest old soldier, that Catherine thought she should lose all her power over him. One day, Coligny was shot in the streets of Paris by a murderer; and though only his hands were shattered, he was so ill that the king came to see him, and all his friends mustered round him to protect him. Thereupon, Catherine settled with her son, the Duke of Anjou, and the Duke of Guise, that, when the bell of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, close to the palace of the Tuileries, should begin to ring at midnight before St. Bartholomew's Day, the people of Paris, who were all devoted to the Duke of Guise, should rise upon the Huguenots who were lodging in their houses, and kill them all at once. It was hard to get King Charles to consent, for there were many Huguenots whom he had learnt to love; but when he found that he could not save Coligny, he said, "Let them all die; let none live to reproach me." However, he called into his own bedroom those whom he most wished to save—namely, his good doctor and his old nurse; but there were a great many more in the palace, attending upon the young King of Navarre, and every one of these was slaughtered, except one man, who dashed into Queen Margaret's room and clung to her. Everywhere murder was going on. The followers of Guise, wore white scarves on one arm, that they might know one another in the dark; and a troop of them rushed in, slew good old Coligny in his bedroom, and threw the corpse out at the window. His chaplain escaped over the roof, and hid in

a hayloft, where a hen came every day and laid an egg, which was all he had to live on. All the rabble of Paris were slaying and plundering their neighbors, and in all the other towns where the Huguenots were the weakest the same horrid work was going on. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew is the deadliest crime in the history of France. The young king was half mad that night. He is said to have shot from the palace window at some whom he saw running away; and though this may not be true, it is quite certain that he drew his sword against the King of Navarre and Prince of Conde, and would have struck them, if his young wife, Elizabeth of Austria, had not heard of it, and ran in, as she was, with her hair hanging down, entreating him to spare them; and their lives were given them on condition that they would return to the Church, which they did; but they were watched and forced to live like a sort of prisoners at court.

When our Queen Elizabeth heard of this shocking day, she dressed herself and all her court in mourning, and would not speak to the French ambassador. She broke off the plans for marrying her to the Duke of Anjou—a scheme on which Catherine de Medicis was much set, as it would have made her third son a king without the death of the second. However, a kingdom did come to him, for the old realm of Poland always chose the king by election by all the nobles, and their choice fell upon Henry, Duke of Anjou. He did not like going to that wild country, away from all the amusements of Paris, and delayed as long as he could but he was forced to set off at last.

Meantime, the poor young king was broken-hearted. He tried to forget the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew, and the good men he had learnt to love and respect, while he was only drawing them into a trap. He went out hunting, rode violently for long distances, and blew furious blasts on his hunting-horn; but nothing could drive away that horrible remembrance, and all that he did was to hurt his own health. His lungs were injured; and whenever a bleeding came on, it seemed to him that he was in the midst of the blood of the Huguenots. All the comfort he had was in his old nurse and surgeon, whom he had saved; for his mother was too busy trying to secure the throne for his brother to attend to him, and kept him closely watched lest his grief for the massacre should be known. So he died in the year 1574, when only twenty-three years old, and his last words were, "If our Lord Jesus will have mercy on me!" And so we may hope that his repentance was true.

The war with the Huguenots was still going on when he died, for though Coligny was slain, and the King of Navarre still watched and guarded at court, there were enough nobles left alive, especially in the South of France, to hold out against their enemies. Everybody was growing dreadfully cruel on both sides. It was the fashion to boast of killing as many as possible. If the troops of the queen and Duke of Guise came on a preaching of the Huguenots, they burnt the building, and slew every one who came out of it; and if the Huguenots found a church or convent not defended, they did not use the monks or nuns much

better. The Count de Montgomery, whose lance had caused the death of Henry II., was on the Huguenot side, and had some ships, with which he sailed about, capturing all the vessels that came in his way, and plundering them. It was a miserable time, and every one watched anxiously for the new king; but though he was delighted to leave Poland, and galloped away in the night from Cracow as if he were a thief, for fear the Poles should stop him, he was in no hurry to take all the troubles of his French kingdom upon him, but went out of his way to Italy, and stayed there amusing himself, while all the time the Duke of Guise was growing more and more strong, and a greater favorite with the people of Paris, who would do anything for him. Catherine, too, was trying to marry her fourth son, the Duke of Alencon, to Queen Elizabeth, who pretended to think about it, and even sent for him to see her; but it was all in order to keep the peace with France—she never really meant it—and the duke was an ugly little spiteful youth, whom everybody at court hated and feared.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HENRY III.— 1574.

THE new king, Henry III., was a strange person. He seemed to have used up all his spirit and sense at the battle of Jarnac, which had made people think him a hero; and though he was not a coward in battle, he had no boldness in thinking of danger—no moral courage in making up his mind. On his way home through Savoy, he saw Louise de Vaudemont, a beautiful girl, a cousin of the Duke of Guise, and determined to marry her. Queen Catherine tried to prevent it, because Mary of Scotland had been so haughty with her, and poor Louise herself was betrothed to a man she loved; but the king would not be withstood, and she led a dreary life with him. He cared for little but fine clothes, his own beauty, and a sort of religion that did him no good. He slept in a mask and gloves for the sake of his complexion, and painted his face; and every day he stood over his wife to see her hair dressed, and chose her ornaments. He had a set of friends like himself, who were called his *mignons*, or darlings, and were fops like him; but they all wore rosaries, of which the beads were carved like

skulls; and they, king and all, used to go in procession, barefoot and covered with sackcloth, to the churches in Paris, with whips in their hands, with which to flog one another in penance for their sins. Yet they were horribly cruel, and thought nothing of murder. If one of them was killed, the king would go and weep over him, take out the earrings he had himself given him, and then become just as fond of another *mignon.* Henry was also very fond of little dogs; he used to carry a basket of them slung round his neck, and fill his carriage with them when he went out with the queen, generally to church, where he used to stick illuminations, cut out of old books of devotion, upon the wall.

Henry of Navarre stayed in this disgraceful court for nearly two years longer; but at last, in 1576, he grew ashamed of the life he was leading, fled away to the Huguenot army in the South of France, and professed himself a Calvinist again. He soon showed that he was by far the ablest leader that the Huguenots had had, and he obtained another peace, and also that his wife Margaret should be sent to him to his little court at Nerac; but she had been entirely spoilt by her mother's wicked court, and had very little sense of right or wrong. The pair never loved one another; and as they had no children, there was nothing to draw them together, though they were friendly and civil to one another, and Margaret tried to help her husband by the lively court she kept, and the letters she wrote to her friends at Paris.

Even the Duke of Alencon, the youngest brother,

could not bear the life at Henry's court, and fled from it. At one time the Dutch, who had revolted from Philip of Spain, invited him to put himself at their head ; but he did them no good, and on his way home he died. He had never been worth anything, but his death made a great difference, for Henry III. had no children ; and as women could neither reign in France themselves nor leave any rights to their children, the nearest heir to the crown was Henry of Navarre, whose forefather, the first Count of Bourbon, had been a son of St. Louis.

Everybody knew he was the right heir ; but to have a Calvinist king to reign over them seemed so frightful to all the more zealous Catholics, that they formed themselves into a society, which they called a League for maintaining the Church, and the great object of which was to keep Henry of Navarre from being King of France. The Duke of Guise was at the head of this League, which was so powerful, especially at Paris, that he could do almost everything, and threatened and cowed the king till Henry was almost a prisoner in his hands, There was a third party—Catholics, but loyal, and with the Count de Montmorency at their head—and these were the persons to whom Henry trusted most. He was fond of his bright, kindly brother-in-law, the King of Navarre, and never would do anything to prevent him from succeeding, although he found that it was not safe to remain in Paris, and went to his palace at Blois. Here he framed a plot. for freeing himself from the Duke of Guise. He placed guards on whom he could depend under the

staircase and in his ante-room; and when Guise came to visit the king in early morning, they fell upon him, threw him down, and murdered him. His brother, the Cardinal of Guise, was killed the same day: and Henry went up to his mother, Queen Catherine, who was ill in bed, to tell her that he was free from his enemy; but she saw plainly that he was only bringing more trouble on himself. "You have cut," she said; "can you sew up again? Have you thought of all that you will bring on yourself?" He said he had done so. "Then you must be prompt and firm," she said; but she did not live to help him through his difficulties. She died a fortnight later, having done the most cruel harm to her children, her country, and her Church.

Henry was far from able to sew up again. All the League was mad with rage. Guise's sons were little children; but his brother the Duke of Mayenne, took the lead, and though he was not a clever man, the party was so strong that it took no great ability to make it terrible to the king. The duke,s sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, really was like a fury, and went about the streets of Paris stirring up the people, who already hated and despised the king, and now raged against him. They tried him in effigy, deposed him, carried his figure through the streets heaping insults upon it, and made an anagram of his name, *Henri de Valois* into *Vilain Herodes*. All the world seemed to have been turned against him, and he was brought to such distress that he was obliged to beg Henry of Navarre to come and help him. The two

kings met at Plessis-les-Tours, and were most friendly together. They joined their armies and began to besiege Paris; but of course this made the Leaguers more violent against Henry than ever, and a young monk named Clement, fancying that there was no sin, but even virtue, in freeing the Church from a man like Henry, crept out of Paris with a packet of letters, and while the king was reading one, stabbed him in the body with a dagger. Clement was at once slain by the gentlemen of the guard, and the King of Navarre was sent for in time to see his brother-in-law still alive. Henry embraced him, bade his people own him King of France, and added, "But you will never be able to reign unless you become a Catholic." Then he died, in the year 1589, the last and most contemptible of the miserable house of Valois. The Leaguers rejoiced in his death, and praised the murderer Clement as a saint and martyr, while they set up as king the Cardinal of Bourbon, the old uncle of the King of Navarre, declaring that it was impossible that a heretic should ever reign in France.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HENRY IV.—1589–1610.

THE new king, Henry IV., was so poor, that he was obliged to dress himself in the velvet coat left by his brother-in-law to receive the gentlemen who came to make submission to him. France was now divided into two parties instead of three, for the Leaguers were of course set against the Huguenots, while the moderate Catholics, who thought that the birthright of the crown called them to be loyal to any sort of king, all came over to Henry. And he was so bright, gracious and good-natured, that no one could help being fond of him, who had once heard his frank voice and seen his merry smile.

His old uncle, Cardinal Charles, the Leaguers' king, soon died, and then they talked of Isabel, a daughter of Philip II. of Spain, because her mother had been the eldest sister of the last three kings; but as there was a great hatred of the Spaniards among the French, this plan rather did harm to their cause, and made many more of the Catholics turn to Henry. He was fighting his way to the throne, through more battles and sieges, ups and downs, than it is possible to tell of here, though the adventures he met with are delightful to

read of. At the battle of Ivry, in Normandy, he told his followers that if they wanted a guide in the thick of the fray they had only to follow his white feather; and the saying became a byword after his great victory. The Spaniards came to help the League, and the war lasted year after year, while Henry still was kept out of Paris. At last he made up his mind that he would return to the Roman Catholic Church. He used to say in after times that one of the true things that nobody would believe was that he had changed out of an honest belief that the Calvinists were wrong; and certainly he did gain a kingdom by so doing; but the truth was that he had very little right religion at all, and that he did not like the strict ways of the Calvinists. If the Catholic clergy had been in a better state, they would not have received him unless he had left off all the sinful habits he loved; but they were only too glad to gain him over, and accepted him heartily. But still the League was not satisfied, and only in the year 1594, when he had been king five years, did he ride into Paris, with his hair and moustache gray from his cares and toils; and even then the Leaguers went on opposing him, till at last his wisdom, and that of his good old friend, the Duke of Sully, succeeded in overcoming the remains of their dislike, and the Duke de Mayenne consented to make peace with him.

Then only did Henry IV. really begin to reign. He had to put down some of the great nobles, who had grown over powerful and insolent during the long civil war; but he was one of the most kind-hearted of men, and never punished if he could help it. He felt kindly

towards the poor, and wished that the time should come when every Frenchman should have a fat hen to boil in his pot. And, besides, he tried to do justice between the Catholics and the Calvinists. He had friends on both sides, and was anxious to make them live in peace, without fighting with one another or persecuting one another—a plan which had been proved to convince nobody, and only to lead to hatred, cruelty, and misery. So he brought about a law which gave the Calvinists leave to have places of worship where there was a sufficient congregation, provided it was not where they would annoy Catholics. And they were not hindered from taking offices at court or in the army, nor from keeping schools in certain places; and to secure all this to them, they were allowed to hold three towns as pledges—La Rochelle, Montauban, and Montpellier. In this last, there was a college for educating their pastors, and at each of the three in turn there were meetings of their clergy to consult on the affairs of the Church. This law was called the Edict of Nantes, because Henry had it registered by the parliament of the old duchy of Brittany, since each old province still kept its own laws and parliament. He obtained this Edict of Nantes with great difficulty, for almost all the Catholics thought it a very wicked thing to allow any person to remain outside the Church; but every one was worn out with the long and bloody civil war, and was glad to rest; so the Edict was passed, and France began to recover.

Henry had no children, and wished to be rid of his wife Margaret, that he might marry another, instead

having to leave his crown to his young cousin, the Prince of Conde. So, as there had never been real consent on the Pope's part to the marriage of the cousins, and as the bride had been forced into it against her will by her mother and brother, the Pope was persuaded to pronounce the wedding null and void, and that the two were free to marry again. Still it was not easy to find a princess, for all the Spaniards and Austrians and their allies were his greatest enemies, and he could not now marry a Protestant; so he ended by choosing one of the Medici family, Mary, who proved to be a dull, selfish woman, not so clever as Catherine, but not much of a companion to him.

However, she gave him two sons and three daughters, and there never was a fonder father. Once, when the Austrian ambassador came to see him, he was found on all-fours, with his little son riding on his back. "Are you a father, sir?" he said to the new-comer. "Yes, sire." "Then we will finish our game," returned the king.

There were many of the remnants of the Leaguers who hated the king for having once been a Huguenot and for the Edict of Nantes; and though the love of the whole country was more and more with him, he still was not willing to gather a great crowd together in Paris, lest harm might follow. So, as he had been crowned long before he was married, the coronation of Mary de Medicis was put off, year after year, till it should seem safer; but she was vexed at the delay, and prevailed at last. Henry was not with her, and

only looked on from a private box at the pageant, and while so doing, he gravely said to the friend who was with him, that he had been thinking how all this crowd would feel if the last trumpet were at once to sound.

His own call was nearer than he thought. The next day, just as he had seated himself in his carriage a man named Francis Ravaillac sprang on the wheel, held a paper to him to read, and the next moment stabbed him to the heart with a knife, so that he died in an instant, one of the greatest losses his country had ever known. It was on the 14th of May, 1610. He was known to the French as "le Grand Monarque," the Great Monarch; and he really was a great man, and would have been a far greater if he had been really good.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LOUIS XIII.—1610–1643.

THE eldest son of Henry IV., Louis XIII., was but nine years old when his father was killed; and his mother, Mary de Medicis, became regent. She was a weak, foolish woman, and let herself be entirely guided by an Italian lady in her train, named Galigai, who had married a man named Concini. Mary made her son give him the title of Marshal d'Ancre, and it was they who really ruled France. When Leonora was asked how she managed the queen, she answered, "By the power of a strong mind over a weak one." But all the old French nobles greatly hated d'Ancre for his pride and insolence, and many declared that Leonora had bewitched the queen.

Their rule lasted seven years; but when the young king was sixteen years old, a young nobleman named Luynes stirred him up to free himself from them, telling him that, now he was growing up, they would secretly kill him, that his mother might continue regent in the name of his little brother. So Louis desired his guards to arrest d'Ancre next time he

came to the palace, and to kill him if he resisted. He did resist, and was cut down and slain, and his wife was tried for bewitching the queen, and put to death. Mary had to leave court, and go into the country; whence, after some years of wrangling with her son, she went to England, after her youngest daughter, Henrietta Maria, had married King Charles I.; and she afterwards died in great poverty.

Louis XIII. was a strange person—slow, dull, and cold-hearted, though not ill-disposed. His health was bad, and he hated trouble and thinking more than anything else. What he chiefly cared for was to have some friend about him, who would hunt, talk, and amuse him, while all trouble was saved him. One very clever man was in his court, Armand de Richelieu, Bishop of Lucon, who was the ablest man in court. Albert de Luynes was the king's first minister after d'Ancre's fall; but when he died of a fever, Richelieu obtained the management of everything. He let the king have young men as his companions and favorites; but if ever one of these showed any spirit, and tried to stir up the king to act for himself and overthrow the tyranny he lived under, Richelieu always found it out, and put the bold man to death. The king did nothing to save his friends, and when they were once out of his sight seemed to forget all about them; for in truth he disliked trouble more than anything else, and would have been very sorry to think for himself instead of letting Richelieu think and act for him.

The cardinal, for so the Pope created him, was

really one of the most wonderful statesmen who ever lived, and made France a much greater and more mighty power than ever before, and the king much more powerful too. He was a hard, stern man, and did not care for justice, or for any one's suffering, provided he could do that one thing—make the crown of France more powerful. The nobles, who had grown strong and haughty during the long wars, were very sternly, and even cruelly, put down by him. He thought nothing of getting them accused of treason, shutting them up in prison, or having them put to death; and he thus managed to get rid of all the great men who had been almost princes, such as the Count de Montmorency, grandson to the old Constable.

He also made war upon the Huguenots, in spite of the Edict of Nantes, and tried to take La Rochelle from them. There was a long and terrible seige. Charles I. of England sent them help; and his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, was to have had the command of the fleet that was coming to them, but he was killed at Portsmouth, as you have heard. When at last the people were starved out, after fourteen months, the cardinal made the king himself come down to receive their submission. La Rochelle was a terrible loss to them, and they were far more at the king's mercy than when they had such a strong town. But at least the Roman Catholic Church was in a much better state than it had been when they had broken away from it. Much still needed to be set right; but some of the worst evils had been put a

stop to, and there were many very good men among the clergy, especially Francis de Sales Bishop of Geneva, and Vincent de Paul, a good priest, who gathered together the poor desolate children who had no homes, and were starving in the streets of Paris, and set good ladies to take care of them. He also first established the order of Sisters of Mercy, who are like nuns, only not shut up in convents, but going about to nurse the sick, take care of orphans, and teach poor children. The great ladies at court used to put on plain dresses and go to nurse the sick in the hospitals, even the queen herself. She was a Spanish princess, called Anne of Austria—a good, kind, and gracious lady—but no one cared for her much at court; and for many years she had no children, but at last, when all hope had been given up, she had first one and then another boy, and there was immense rejoicing.

Wars had been going on with the Spaniards, all through the reign, in Italy and the Low Countries, as well as a terrible fight between the Roman Catholics and Protestants in Germany, which is called the Thirty Years' War. Cardinal de Richelieu managed matters so well that France always gained the advantage; and some excellent generals were growing up in the army, especially the Viscount de Turenne brother to the Duke of Bouillon, and the Duke d'Enghien, eldest son of the Prince of Conde, who gained some wonderful victories in the Low Countries while still a mere youth.

But Richelieu's own iron rule was coming to an end.

He had been in very bad health for years, but he never seemed to care about it, and was as fierce as ever if a friend of the king tried to take away his power. The Baron de Cinq Mars was put to death for conspiring against him when he was almost at the gates of the grave. He declared, when he was receiving his last communion, that he had always meant to work for the honor of God and the good of the state ; and he died, in his 58th year, on the 4th of December, 1642, after advising the king to trust to an Italian priest named Mazarin, as he had trusted to him.

Louis seemed to care very little for the loss of Richelieu. He only said, "There's a great statesman dead ;" and when there was a great storm on the day of the funeral, he said, "The cardinal has a bad day for his journey." But he was in a very weakly state himself, and only lived five months after Richelieu, dying at forty-two years old, on the 14th of May, 1643. Never was a son more unlike to his father than he had been to Henry IV., seeming to be his exact opposite in every one of his better or worse qualities ; and though his reign was a grand one to France, it was no thanks to him, but to the great statesman who ruled both him and the country.

CHAPTER XXXV

LOUIS XIV.—YOUTH.—1643–1661.

"I AM Louis XIV.," cried the little five years' old Dauphin, as he stood by his dying father's bedside. "Not yet," the old king was still strong enough to say, though he did not live many more hours. Poor child! he did not know what he rejoiced in. His was the longest reign that ever king had (no less than seventy-seven years), and he was sick and weary of it long before it ended.

At first his mother, Queen Anne, was regent, and she trusted entirely to Cardinal Mazarin. He was not a great man, like Richelieu, but he was clever and cunning, and the saying was, "The fox comes after the lion;" for as he was a foreigner, and of low birth, the French found it much harder to submit to him than to Richelieu, who was of one of the noblest families in France. Only four days after the accession of the little king, the Duke d'Enghien won the great battle of Rocroy, in the Low Countries, which quite destroyed the fine old Spanish foot soldiers; and after two more victories, peace was made between France and Spain.

But this did not make things easier for Mazarin, for all the nobles who had been away with the army came home, with nothing to do, and especially the Duke d'Enghien, who soon, on his father's death became Prince of Conde, and who was proud and fiery, and hated the upstart Mazarin.

All this hatred broke out in a great quarrel between the queen and the parliament of Paris. You must remember that the parliament of Paris was a very different thing from our parliament. It did not represent the whole kingdom for each of the great old provinces had a separate parliament of its own ; and it was only made up of the lawyers of Paris and the great nobles who belonged to the old duchy of France, with the bishops and princes of the blood-royal. It used to judge peers of France for State offences, and in matters of property ; but it could not make laws or grant taxes. All it could do was to register the laws and the taxes when the king had made them ; and the king's acts were not valid till this had been done. Now, when Mazarin, in the king's name, laid an unjust tax on all the food that was brought into Paris, the parliament refused to register the act, and there was a great struggle, which is known by the strange name of the Fronde. Fronde is the French name of a sling; and in the earlier part of the quarrel the speakers used to stand up and throw sharp words at one another, then draw back, just like the little boys slinging stones at one another. But they soon came to much worse weapons. You could not understand or remember all the strange things that then took place ; it is enough

for the present to remember that the Fronde was the effort of the parliament to stand up against the royal power, and that there were two sieges of Paris in the course of it. The Prince Conde at first would not turn against the king, and helped to make a short peace; but then he insisted on the queen sending Mazarin away, and when he was gone, the queen found Conde such a stern, insolent master, that she contrived to get Mazarin back, and he threw Conde into prison. Conde's wife joined with the other Frondeurs to try to gain his freedom again, and he was set free, but only to make another war, in which, however, he was overcome, and forced to go into banishment, when, to his shame be it spoken, he joined the Spaniards, and helped them to make war against his own country.

It was no small punishment for him that Marshal Turenne was commanding the French, and Conde was under a very lazy, indolent Spanish general, so that he was sure that there must be a defeat. He said to the Duke of York, who was serving with him, "now you will see how a battle ought not to be fought."

For this was the time when all King Charles's family were living scattered about in banishment. Queen Henrietta was at Paris with her youngest daughter; but when Oliver Cromwell made a treaty with the French, he had required that Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, should not be allowed to live in France.

Cardinal Mazarin followed up all the plans of Richelieu, and France went on prospering and gaining victories, until the Spaniards at last, in the year 1659,

made what was called the Peace of the Pyrenees, giving up several towns in the Low Countries. The young King Louis was to forgive the Prince of Conde, and to marry Maria Teresa, the daughter of the King of Spain.

Only two years later died Cardinal Mazarin, leaving an immense fortune. He had, like Richelieu, cared for the greatness of the kingdom of France and for the power of the crown more than for the character of the king who held all this power, and so he had let the young king grow up very ignorant, for fear of being interfered with. Anna of Austria, who was a good woman, tried hard to make her boys religious, and they always respected religion; but their flatterers did not teach them how it should tame their pride or make them care for the good of the people, and Louis XIV. grew up thinking that the nation was made for his glory, and not himself for the good of his people. Yet he was a wonderfully able man. Mazarin said, "There is stuff in him to make four kings, and an honest man into the bargain." When the cardinal died and the ministers asked to whom they should come, he answered, "To myself;" and for all the half-century after that his reign lasted, he was always ready for them. He tried afterwards to study and make up for the neglect of his youth, but he never was the same man he might have been with good training. One thing he had from his mother, namely, the grandest and most stately courtesy and the most kingly manners that perhaps were ever seen. He never received a curtsey from any woman without a bow, and

his gracious dignity seems fairly to have dazzled the eyes of the very best and wisest men, so that they looked up to him like a sort of divinity, and could not even see his faults. His court was exceedingly splendid, and very stiff. Every one had his place there, and never came out of it, and who must stand or who might sit, who might be on stools and who must kneel, in the royal presence was thought a matter of the greatest importance. Richelieu and Mazarin had robbed the nobles of all useful work; so all they cared for was war and waiting at court, and getting money from their poor peasants to support the expense.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LOUIS XIV.—MIDDLE AGE.—1661–1688.

Louis XIV. loved to be called the Great, but he did not understand that real greatness is making a kingdom happier instead of making it larger, and he only cared for his own glory. He had the two best generals then in Europe, in the Viscount de Turenne and the Prince of Conde, and his nobles were very brave and spirited; so he was always going to war without thinking whether it were justly or not, and fancying the honor was his, whereas his victories were all owing to his generals; and when he went out to war, he only went to the siege of some city, where he rode about in a splendid gold-laced coat, with a huge white feather in his cocked hat, quite out of reach of danger. And yet his people were all so proud of him that the very sight of him made his soldiers fight all the better, and the poets wrote verses comparing him to Jupiter, and Mars, and every other warlike hero they could think of.

He had married Maria Teresa, daughter to the King of Spain; and when her father died, he pretended that he ought to inherit all the Low Countries, instead of her little brother Charles. This was very

unjust, and would have made France much too powerful; so the Dutch and English joined together to prevent it, and there were some terrible fights. But it was when Charles II. was king, and his youngest sister Henriette had married Louis's brother, the Duke of Orleans. So Louis sent the duchess to persuade King Charles and his minister, by promises of money and favor, to desert the Dutch; and, to our great shame, she succeeded. The brave Dutch were left alone against all the power of France. William, Prince of Orange, commanded their armies; and though he was beaten again and again, the little State never gave in; though, to keep out the French, it was needful to open the flood-gates that protect Holland from the sea, and let in so much water that the enemy could not pass.

Then the Emperor of Germany took up the cause of the Dutch, but Louis sent Turenne against his troops, and conquered Alsace. Turenne went on into Germany, and there his army was grievously cruel. Crops were burnt down, houses and villages burnt and plundered, and the inhabitants brought to misery beyond imagination. Turenne could hardly help what he was commanded to do, but this war was the darkest spot in his life. He was a kind and merciful man in general, and very just and upright; and his soldiers loved him so much, that once, when he had fallen asleep during a short halt on a bare, black hillside, and it began to snow, they made a tent for him with their own cloaks. In this war he was killed, while standing under a tree near the village of Salzbach, by

a cannon-shot, which nearly cut his body in two, and mortally wounded a nobleman close by. "Do not weep for me, but for that great man," were the words of this gentleman to his son. Turenne was buried among the kings at St. Denys', and Conde took the command of the army, gaining many hard-fought battles; until at last peace was made, leaving Louis in possession of Alsace and of the city of Strasburg, both of which properly belonged to the empire.

But glory, or what he fancied glory, was all Louis cared about; and besides his great generals, he had about him many of the ablest men who ever lived in France, both ministers of State and writers. He had likewise most excellent bishops and clergy, such as Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, who was a wonderfully good preacher, as well as a great scholar. Louis made Bossuet tutor to his only son; but the Dauphin was a very dull and silly youth, who cared for nothing but playing at cards and shooting, and very little could be taught him. He married a German princess, who was duller still, and they had three sons, the Dukes of Burgundy, Anjou, and Berri. To them the king gave as tutor Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, one of the best and holiest men then living. The duke of Burgundy was a fiery, selfish, passionate boy; but under Fenelon he learnt to rule himself; and his whole thought was how to be a good and religious prince, heedful of his people rather than himself. Fenelon would not have thought it right to blame the king himself, but he could not teach the young prince his duties without showing something very different

from Louis XIV. as a model. He wrote a story for him of a young Greek prince named Telemachus, who went on his travels in search of his father, and saw all forms of government in his way. A servant who was employed to write out the story stole a copy, and sent it to Holland, and had it printed there; and when the old king saw it, he was keen-sighted enough to perceive that it was meant to teach his grandson how to be a better king than himself, and he hated Fenelon accordingly. However it was not for this open reason that the good archbishop was kept away from court, but because he had taken the part of a religious lady named Madame Guyon, who had written a book about the Love of God, where there were sentences that Bossuet thought likely to do harm. Fenelon wrote a book himself on the subject; and though the Pope could see no fault in it, Louis forced him to condemn it, and Fenelon submitted most meekly, and went on quietly with his work in his own diocese at Cambrai, often writing to his dear pupil, though he was only once allowed to see him again.

Louis lost his wife, Maria Teresa of Spain, and then married a lady called Madame de Maintenon; but he never owned her as his queen, and not more than three or four people at court knew that she was his wife. He looked up to her, and respected her opinion very much; and she used to sit by with her work when he was consulting with his ministers, and he would ask at the end, "What does your solidity think?" She was very religious, and tried to make him so; but he was so proud that he never could bear to think that our

Blessed Lord had been a poor man and humble. And the one thing she could make him do was a sad one, and that was to persecute. All the poor nuns of Port Royal were turned out, and shut up in other convents, because they held fast to the teaching of their old guide, M. de St. Cyran. And, what was worse, she led him to repeal the Edict of Nantes, which protected the Huguenots, and begin to persecute them. Dragoons were quartered in their houses, who ate up their food, spoilt their goods, and tortured them to make them become Catholic; they were allowed no schools; their children were taken away to be bred up in convents; numbers were thrown into prison; and if they were caught escaping, they were sent to work as convicts, or put to death. However, many did escape to England and Prussia, and the English gave them a kind welcome. Many who came from the south were silk-weavers, and settled at Spitalfields, where they worked and flourished for several generations. Some, who were noblemen, came to court, and were officers in the army; and the loss to France became gain to England.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOUIS XIV.—OLD AGE.—1688–1715.

In 1688 Louis lost the English alliance. Charles II. and James II. having spent their youth in France, and being Roman Catholics—the one at heart, and the other openly—had always looked up to him and been led by him; but when the Revolution took place, and James was driven away to take refuge once more in France, Louis's greatest enemy, William of Orange, became King of England. Louis gave James and his queen a home at his palace of St. Germain's, and did all he could for them, sending an expedition with James to Ireland; but all in vain—the English only hated James the more for bringing the French upon them, and his troops were beaten at the river Boyne and his ships at Cape La Hogue, so that he was obliged to cease from the attempt.

But another great war soon began. Charles II., King of Spain, died in 1700, leaving no children. His sister and his two aunts had married Emperors of Germany and Kings of France; but as the Spaniards did not choose to have their kingdom joined on to

another it was always the custom for the princesses to renounce all right to the crown for themselves and their children. However, the whole Spanish line had come to an end, and there really was nobody else who had any right at all. Now, Louis XIV. had married the sister, so his son was the nearest heir ; but, on the other hand, the Emperor of Germany was descended from the brother of the great Charles V., who had been Emperor and King of Spain both at once. The emperor wanted to make his second son, the Archduke Charles, King of Spain ; and Louis put forward his second grandson, Philip, Duke of Anjou.

The Spaniards would have preferred Charles, but Louis was ready the first. He made the Dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy give up their right to Philip, saluted him as King of Spain, and sent him off with an army to Madrid, saying, " There are no more Pyrenees ; " by which he meant that France and Spain were now to be like only one country. Now this was just what the rest of the world did not wish. France was a great deal too powerful already, and nobody could be glad to see Spain and the Low Countries ruled over by a young man who was sure to do exactly what his grandfather bade him ; and so England and all the other States of Europe joined to assist the Archduke Charles in winning Spain.

Thus began what was called the War of the Spanish Succession. The Archduke Charles went to Spain, and the English helped him there ; and a French army invaded Germany, but there they met the English and Austrian armies, under the Duke of Marlborough and

Prince Eugene of Savoy, and were terribly defeated at Blenheim.

This Prince Eugene's father had always lived in France, and his mother was a niece of Cardinal Mazarin ; but he and some other young men had grown tired of the dull court life, and had run away to fight in the Austrian army against the Turks. Louis had been very angry, and had had their letters seized ; and there he found himself laughed at, and called a stage king in peace, and a chess king in war. He was very angry, and never forgave Prince Eugene, who took service under the Emperor of Germany, and was the second-best general then in Europe. For all the great generals of Louis's youth were dead ; and though Marshals Villars and Boufflers were able men, they were not equal to Marlborough, and were beaten again and again in the Low Countries. The only victory the French did gain was in Spain, at Almanza, where, strangely enough, the English were commanded by a French Huguenot, and the French by Marlborough's nephew, the Duke of Berwick, who had left home with James II.

But troubles came thick upon Louis XIV. He lost his only son, the Dauphin ; and all his great men who had made his reign so splendid were dying round him and nobody rising up equal to them. His subjects, too, were worn out ; all their strongest young men had been carried off to be soldiers, and there were not enough left to till the ground properly. Besides, the money that the king wanted for his wars and buildings was far more than they could pay, and it was the

tradesmen, farmers, and lawyers who had to pay it all; for in France no priest and no noble ever paid taxes. Moreover, all the family of a noble was considered as noble for ever, instead of, as it is in England, only the head of the house himself; and so all the younger sons and their children for ever paid no taxes, and were allowed to be of no profession, but only to be clergy or soldiers. They were always the officers, so that a soldier, however clever and brave, never could rise unless he was of good birth. People were getting very discontented, and especially when, instead of getting glory, they were always beaten, at Ramillies and Oudenarde and Malplaquet; and Louis's buildings and gardens at Versailles and Trianon heavily oppressed them.

Old as Louis was, there was untamable pride and resolution in him, and his steadiness was admired even by his enemies, when he continued dauntlessly to resist even when there seemed little to hinder Marlborough and Eugene from marching upon Paris. However, this humiliation was spared the proud old king by the change in Queen Anne's councils, which deprived Malborough of power, and led to a peace at last with France. The Archduke Charles became emperor after the death of his father and brother; and thus Philip of Anjou was allowed to remain King of Spain.

Everything, however, was sad and mournful at the French court. The king kept up all his old state, but his strength and spirit were gone; and Madame de Maintenon used to say no one could guess what a dreadful thing it was to have to amuse an unamusable

king. The brightest person at court was the young Dauphiness, Adelaide of Savoy, wife to the Duke of Burgundy, who was now Dauphin. She used to play merrily with the king, and coax him into cheerfulness as no one else could; but she was giddy and gay, and sometimes grieved her husband. He was a grave, thoughtful man, very pious, and religious, always trying to follow the counsels of his dear friend and master, Fenelon, and thinking anxiously of the load that the kingdom would be in the state in which his grandfather would leave it.

But he never had to bear that load. A dreadful form of malignant measles came into the court, and the Dauphiness caught it and died, then the eldest of her two little sons, and lastly, the good Dauphin himself. All were ill so very few days that people talked about poison; and no one was left of the whole family except the old king and one little great-grandson, the Dauphin's second son, a baby not able to walk alone, and the king's nephew, Philip, Duke of Orleans, the son of his brother, who was known to be a very bad and selfish man.

It was a sad prospect for France when, a year later, Louis XIV. died, after a reign of seventy years, when he had been the greatest monarch in Europe, and might have been one of the grandest of men, if he had only known what true greatness is.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOUIS XV.—1715–1774.

THE poor little boy who had become King of France was so young that he could scarcely walk alone, and so forlorn that he had no kinsman near enough to take his hand when he was shown to the people, but had to be held in purple ribbon leading-strings.

It was a sad reign altogether. The regent was the Duke of Orleans, a thoroughly dissipated man, not unlike our Charles II., but worse in conduct, though quite as good-natured; and the whole court became nothing but a sink of iniquity under him. He died just as the young king was growing up; but the boy was slow, dull, and painfully shy—not at all fit to take the command of everything, like Louis XIV. He had had a good tutor, Cardinal Fleury, who was ruler for a little while, but soon died; and then there was nothing to hinder the king from being drawn into all sorts of evil by the wicked men who had grown up in the time of the regent, Duke of Orleans.

The queen was a Polish princess, named Maria Leckzinska. She was a gentle, kindly person, though not at all clever, and at first the king was very fond of

her; but these wretches thought it dull to have a respectable court, and wanted to manage the king their own way, so they taught him to be a glutton and a drunkard, and to think it witty to talk the low, coarse language of the vulgar crowd in Paris. The queen was shocked, and when she showed her offence Louis was angry, and never cared for her again, but only showed himself with her in public, and spent all his spare time in the most disgraceful amusements.

Yet the people, who did not know all as yet, had such a love and loyalty for the very name of king, that they were ready to break their hearts when he had a bad fever, and almost went mad with joy when he recovered. They then called him Louis the Well-beloved, a name that sounded very sad in after times.

There was a great war going on all this time between Maria Theresa, the Queen of Hungary and Archduchess of Austria, and Frederick II., King of Prussia. The English held with the Austrians, and the French with the Prussians; and at the battle of Dettingen, George II. had defeated the Marshal de Noailles. Again, at Fontenoy the English were defeated; and though Louis XV. was with the army, the victory was owing to his general, Marshal Saxe. The wars, however, pressed very heavily on the French, and the poor were even more wretched than in the former reign. The Duke of Orleans, a good man, son to the wicked regent, one day brought a horrible bit of black bread to the council, to show the king what his subjects lived upon; but nothing would make Louis care for anybody but himself.

However, there was peace made for a little while, but what was called the Seven Years' War soon broke out again ; but this time the English were with the Prussians and the French with the Austrians, and there was a great battle at Minden, which the French lost, and soon after there was a more lasting peace in Europe.

But nothing could do the unfortunate kingdom of France any good while it had such a king as Louis XV., who had no feeling for anyone but himself, and had such low tastes that he liked nothing but the basest, coarsest pleasures, and hated all that interfered with them. He had only one son, the Dauphin who had grown up, in the midst of that wicked court, pure, upright, and pious, and lived a peaceful, quiet life with his good wife, a Polish princess ; but there was nobody the king disliked so much, because their goodness was a continual reproof, and he could not help thinking that the people would rather have had the Dauphin for their king than himself. So the Dauphin was never allowed to take any part in business, and all he could do was to try to bring up his children well, and to help his four sisters, whom the king had scarcely educated at all, and who lived a very dull life in the palace, so that the happiest was Madame Louise, who became a nun.

The good Dauphin died of a decline, when only thirty-six years old, leaving five children, the eldest eleven years old ; and his wife followed him fifteen months after, begging her sisters-in-law to watch over her children. The king only grew worse than ever,

and used to amuse himself by going in disguise to low dances among the Paris mob. Yet all the time he went every morning to church; and among all the clergy in the country, only one good Bishop once dared to tell him what a sinner he was. There were still a great many good clergy, but it was only the bad ones who would not speak out about the wickedness at court who met with any favor. Half the people in the country were getting mad with misery; and when they saw that the priests did nothing to rebuke all the crimes they suffered from, it seemed to them that even the Christian religion itself must be a mistake. There were a great many clever men at that time, of whom the most noted were Voltaire and Rousseau, who wrote books that every one was reading, which made attacks on all Christianity, and pretended that the old heathen philosophers were much better and wiser than Christians; and it was a strange thing that though Huguenots were still persecuted, and their religious books burnt, nobody meddled with these infidels, who had no religion at all.

Every one saw that a great storm was coming, and that there must be a terrible downfall of the royal power that Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV. had built up, and which Louis XV. used so shamefully; but when he was told that there was danger, he only said the kingdom would last his time. His grandson, the young Dauphin, had grown up, and was married to the beautiful, bright young daughter of Maria Theresa—Marie Antoinette. The evening she arrived at Paris, there were grand illuminations and fireworks,

and in the midst some terror seized the people that there was a fire, and they all rushed crowding together in the gates of the Champs Elysees, so that a number of them were trampled to death ; and this, though the poor young bride had nothing to do with it, made people feel that it had been a bad beginning.

Louis XV. died at the age of sixty-four, in the year 1774, after a disgraceful reign of sixty years, in which he had constantly fallen deeper and deeper into the mire of sin and disgrace.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOUIS XVI.—1774–1793.

THE young king, Louis XVI., and his queen, Marie Antoinette, threw themselves on their knees when they heard that their grandfather was dead, crying out, "O God! help us; we are too young to reign."

It was as if they knew what dreadful times were coming, brought on by the selfishness and wickedness of those who had gone before them. Nobody could be more good or anxious to set things right than Louis XVI.; but the evils that had been working up for hundreds of years could not be set to rights by one word and it was hard to know how to begin. And though the king wished well to all, he was not a clever man, and could not see how to act. Besides, he was very shy and awkward; he hated speaking to strangers, and was so confused that people went away offended; and besides, they were so much used to bad kings, that they could not believe that he was a good and innocent man.

The queen gave offence in other ways. She was a young, merry girl who, had been brought up in a court where the habits were much more simple and less

stately than those in France; and she was always laughing at the formal court ways, and trying to get free from them. When the ladies came to pay their respects, some of her own attendants grew tired of standing round her, and sat down on the floor, hidden by the hoops of the others. She saw and nodded and smiled; and the old ladies who were being presented thought she was making game of their dresses, and were very angry. Her chief lady of the bedchamber, the Duchess of Noailles, tried to keep her in order; but she laughed, and gave the old lady the name of Madame l'Etiquette. When once she was riding a donkey, and it fell with her, she sat on the ground laughing till the duchess came up, and then said, "Pray, madame, when the queen and her donkey both tumble down together, which ought to be the first to get up?"

The great palace that Louis XIV. had adorned at Versailles was so grand that nobody could live in it in comfort. Even he had made a smaller one at Trianon, and this was too stately for the queen's tastes; so she had another smaller house, with a farm and dairy, where she and her ladies used to amuse themselves, in white muslin dresses and straw hats; but the people would not believe but what something very wrong went on there; and they hated her greatly because she was an Austrian, and her country had been at war with theirs.

It was just then that the Americans began their war with George III., and a young French nobleman, the Marquis de la Fayette, ran away from home to fight in their army. Afterwards, Louis XVI. sent troops

to help them; and the sight of the freedom the United States had gained made Lafayette and his friends feel far more bitterly the state of things at home, where the poor were ground down to wretchedness by all the old rights of their lords; and till the laws were changed, neither king, nobles, nor clergy, however much they might wish it, could help them. No one felt this more than the king himself. At last, in 1789, he called together his States-General—that is, all his peers, and deputies from the towns and provinces, to see what could be done. It was not like the English parliament, where the peers form one chamber and the commons another; but they were all mixed up together, and there were a great many more deputies than peers, that so they had it all their own way. Besides, they sat in the middle of Paris, and the people of the city could not bear to wait. Perhaps it was no wonder, for they were very poor and miserable, and were fierce with hunger. Whenever they saw any one whom they fancied was against the changes, they used to fly at him, crying out, "To the lamp!" and hang him up to the lamps, which were fastened by iron rods over the streets.

They rushed to the great old prison, the Bastile, where the former kings had kept their State prisoners, and tore it down; but they found hardly any one there, for Louis XVI. had released all his grandfather's prisoners. Most of the men were enrolled in what was called the National Guard, and all wore cockades, and scarfs of red, blue, and white. Lafayette was made general of this guard.

The States-General called itself the National Assembly, and went on changing the laws. It was at first settled that no law could be passed without the king's consent; but the notion that he could stop any plan added to the people's hatred, and they were always fancying he would bring his soldiers to stop the reforms. At last, when there was a scarcity of food in Paris, the mob all rushed out to Versailles, that most splendid of palaces, upon which Louis XIV. had spent so much, and whose iron gates looked down the long avenue of trees leading from Paris, a memorial how little pity for their people the two last kings had had. It was the less wonder that the mob of Paris believed that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had the same hard hearts, and were willingly letting them starve. They came and filled the courts of the palace, shouting and yelling for the queen to show herself. She came out on the balcony, with her daughter of twelve years old and her son of six. "No children!" they cried; and she sent them back, and stood, fully believing that they would shoot her, and hoping that her death might content them. But no hand was raised, and night came on. In the night they were seized with another fit of fury, and broke into the queen's room, from which she had but just escaped, while a brave lady and two of her guards were barring the outer door.

The next day the whole family were taken back into Paris, while the fishwomen shouted before them, "Here come the baker, his wife, and the little baker's boy!"

The National Assembly went on to take away all the rights of the nobles, and the property of the Church, and to decree that the clergy must swear to obey them instead of the Church, while those who refused were turned out of their parishes. The National Guard watched the Tuileries, and made the life of the royal family so miserable that they tried to escape in disguise; but fearing that they would come back with armies to put down the Revolution, the National Guard seized and stopped them, and they were more closely watched than ever. On the 20th of June, 1762, the mob rushed into the palace, threatened all the family, and spent three hours in rioting and insulting them; and on the 10th of August another attack was made. The queen longed to let the Swiss guards and the loyal gentlemen fight for her husband; but Louis could not bear to have a drop of blood shed in his defence, and hoped to save life by going to the National Assembly with his wife, children, and sister; but no sooner were they gone, than every one of the gallant men who would have defended him was savagely massacred, and their heads were carried about the streets of Paris on pikes. It was fear that made the Parisians so ferocious, for the German princes and the French nobles had collected an army to deliver the king, and, as the mob thought, to destroy them; and in the bitter hatred that had now risen against all kings, the Assembly voted that Louis XVI. was no longer King of France, but that the nation was free. So his reign ended on the 10th of August, 1792.

CHAPTER XL.

THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.—1792–1796.

THE Government, after the king was deposed, was placed in the hands of the National Assembly—or Convention, as it now called itself—of deputies chosen by the people.

There is nothing but what is sad and terrible to be told of France for the next four or five years, and the whole account of what happened would be too hard for you to understand, and some part is too dreadful to dwell upon.

The short account of it is that, for years and years before, the kings, the nobles, and some of the clergy too, had cared for little but their own pride and pleasure, and had done nothing to help on their people—teach, train, or lead them. So now these people were wild with despair ; and when the hold on them was a little loosened, they threw it off, and turned in furious rage upon their masters. Hatred grew, and all those who had once been respected were looked on as a brood of wolves, who must be done away with, even the young and innocent. The king, queen, his children, and sister (Madame Elisabeth), were shut up in a castle

called the Temple, because it had once belonged to the Knights Templars, and there they were very roughly and unkindly treated. A National Guard continually watched them, and these men were often shockingly rude and insulting to them, though they were as patient as possible. Great numbers of the nobles and clergy were shut up in the other prisons; and when news came that an army of Germans and emigrant nobles was marching to rescue the king, a set of ruffians were sent to murder them all, cutting them down like sheep for the slaughter, men and woman all alike. The family in the Temple were spared for the time, but the emigrant army was beaten at Jemappes; and the brave nobles and peasants who had risen in the district of La Vendee, in hopes of saving them, could not make head against the regular French army, all of which had joined in the Revolution, being angered because no one not of noble birth could be an officer All his friends did for the king only served to make his ememies hate him trebly; and three men had obtained the leadership who seem to have had a regular thirst for blood, and to have thought that the only way to make a fresh beginning was to kill every one who had inherited any of the rights that had been so oppressive. Their names were Marat, Danton, and Robespierre; and they had a power over the minds of the Convention and the mob which no one dared resist, so that this time was called the Reign of Terror. A doctor named Guillotin had invented a machine for cutting off heads quickly and painlessly, which was called by his name; and this horrible instru-

ment was set up in Paris to do this work of cutting off the old race. The King—whom they called Louis Capet, after Hugh, the first king of his line—was tried before the Assembly, and sentenced to die. He forgave his murderers, and charged the Irish clergyman, named Edgeworth, who was allowed to attend him in his last moments, to take care that, if his family were ever restored, there should be no attempt to revenge his death. The last words of the priest to him were, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to the skies."

The queen and her children remained in the Temple, cheered by the piety and kindness of Madame Elisabeth, until the poor little prince—a gentle, but spirited boy of eight—was taken from them, and shut up in the lower rooms, under the charge of a brutal wretch (a shoemaker) named Simon, who was told that the boy was not to be killed or guillotined, but to be "got rid of"—namely, tormented to death by bad air, bad living, blows, and rude usage. Not long after, Marie Antoinette was taken to a dismal chamber in the Conciergerie prison, and there watched day and night by National Guards, until she too was brought to trial, and sentenced to die, eight months after her husband. Gentle Madame Elisabeth was likewise put to death, and only the two children remained, shut up in separate rooms; but the girl was better off than her brother, in that she was alone, with her little dog, and had no one who made a point of torturing her.

Meanwhile the guillotine was every day in use. Cartloads were carried from the prisons—nobles, priests, ladies, young girls, lawyers, servants, shop-

keepers—everybody whom the savage men who were called the Committee of Public Safety chose to condemn. There were guillotines in almost every town; but at Nantes the victims were drowned, and at Lyons they were placed in a square and shot down with grape shot.

Moreover, all churches were taken from the faithful. A wicked woman was called the Goddess of Reason, and carried in a car to the great cathedral of Notre Dame, where she was enthroned. Sundays were abolished, and every tenth day was kept instead, and Christianity was called folly and superstition; in short, the whole nation was given up to the most horrible frenzy against God and man.

In the midst, Marat was stabbed to the heart by a girl named Charlotte Corday, who hoped thus to end these horrors; but the other two continued their work of blood, till Robespierre grew jealous of Danton, and had him guillotined; but at last the more humane of the National Convention plucked up courage to rise against him, and he and his inferior associates were carried to prison. He tried to commit suicide with a pistol, but only shattered his jaw, and in this condition he was guillotined, when the Reign of Terror had lasted about two years.

There was much rejoicing at his fall; the prisons were opened, and people began to breathe freely once more. The National Convention governed more mildly and reasonably; but they had a great deal on their hands, for France had gone to war with all the countries round; and the soldiers were so delighted

at the freedom they had obtained, that it seemed as if no one could beat them, so that the invaders were everywhere driven back. And thus was brought to light the wonderful powers of a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been educated at a military school in France as an engineer. When there was an attempt of the mob to rise and bring back the horrible days of the Reign of Terror, Colonel Bonaparte came with his grape shot, and showed that there was a government again that must be obeyed, so that some quiet and good order was restored.

Some pity had at last been felt for the poor children in the Temple. It came too late to save the life of the boy, Louis XVII., as he is reckoned, who had for the whole ninth year of his life lain alone in a filthy room, afraid to call any one lest he should be ill-used, and without spirit enough to wash himself, so that he was one mass of sores and dirt; and he only lingered till the 8th of June, 1795, when he died, thinking he heard lovely music, with his mother's voice among the rest. In the end of the same year his sister was released, and went to Russia to join her uncle, who had fled at the beginning of the Revolution, and was now owned by the loyal among the French as Louis XVIII.

In the meantime, the French army had beaten the Germans on the frontier, and had decided on attacking their power in the north of Italy. Bonaparte made a most wonderful passage of the Alps, where there were then scarcely any roads but bridle-paths, and he gained amazing victories. His plan was to get all the

strength of his army up into one point, as it were, and with that to fall upon the centre of the enemy; and as the old German generals did not understand this way of fighting, and were not ready, he beat them everywhere, and won all Lombardy, which he persuaded to set up for a republic, under the protection of the French.

All this time, the French were under so many different varieties of government, that you would not understand them all; but that which lasted longest was called the Directory. People were beginning to feel safe at last; the emigrants were coming home again, and matters were settling down a little more.

CHAPTER XLI.

NAPOLEON I.—1796–1814.

WHEN Bonaparte had come back from Italy, he persuaded the Directory to send him with an army to Egypt to try to gain the East, and drive the English out of India. He landed in Egypt, and near Grand Cairo gained the battle of the Pyramids, and tried to recommend himself to the people of Egypt by showing great admiration for Mahomet and the Koran. But his ships, which he had left on the coast, were attacked by the English fleet, under Sir Horatio Nelson, and every one of them taken or sunk except two, which carried the tidings home. This was the battle of the Nile.

The Sultan of Turkey, to whom Egypt belonged, fitted out an army against the French, and Bonaparte marched to meet it half-way in the Holy Land. There he took Jaffa, cruelly massacred the Turkish garrison, and beat the Sultan's army at Tabor; but Acre was so bravely and well defended, under the management of a brave English sailor, Sir Sidney Smith, that he was obliged to turn back without taking it. He led

his troops back, suffering sadly from hunger and sickness, to Egypt, and there defeated another Turkish army in the battle of Aboukir. However, he there heard news from home which showed him that he was needed. The French had, indeed, gone on to stir up a revolution both in Rome and Naples. The Pope was a prisoner in France, and the King of Naples had fled to Sicily; but the Russians had come to the help of the other nations, and the French had nearly been driven out of Lombardy. Besides, the Directory was not able to keep the unruly people in order; and Napoleon felt himself so much wanted, that, finding there were two ships in the port, he embarked in one of them and came home, leaving his Egyptian army to shift for themselves.

However, he was received at home like a conqueror; and the people of France were so proud of him, that he soon persuaded them to change the Directory for a government of three consuls, of whom he was first. He lived in the Tuileries, and began to keep something very like the old court; and his wife, Josephine, was a beautiful, graceful, kind lady, whom every one loved, and who helped very much in gaining people over to his cause. Indeed, he gave the French rest at home and victories abroad, and that was all they desired. He won back all that had been lost in Italy; and the battle of Marengo, on the 14th of June, 1800, when the Austrians were totally routed, was a splendid victory. Austria made peace again, and nobody was at war with France but England, which conquered everywhere by sea, as France did by land. The last

remnant of the French army in Egypt was beaten at Alexandria, and obliged to let the English ships transport them home to France; and after this there was a short peace called the Peace of Amiens, but it did not last long; and as soon as Bonaparte had decided on war, he pounced without notice on every English traveller in his dominion, and kept them prisoners till the end of the war.

He had made up his mind to be Emperor of the French, and before declaring this, he wanted to alarm the old royalists; so he sent a party to seize the Duke d'Enghien (heir of the princes of Conde), who was living at Baden, and conduct him to Vincennes, where, at midnight, he was tried by a sham court-martial, and at six in the morning brought down to the courtyard, and shot beside his own grave.

After this, every one was afraid to utter a whisper against Bonaparte becoming emperor, and on the 2d of December, 1804, he was crowned in Notre Dame, with great splendor. The Pope was present, but Bonaparte placed the crown on his own head—a golden wreath of laurel leaves; and he gave his soldiers eagle standards, in memory of the old Roman empire. He drew up an excellent code of laws, which have been used ever since in France, and are known by his name; and his wonderful talent did much to bring the shattered nation into order. Still, England would not acknowledge his unlawful power, and his hatred to her was very great. He had an army ready to invade England, but the English fleet never allowed him to cross the Channel; and his fleet was entirely ed-

stroyed by Lord Nelson, at the great battle of Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805.

But Napoleon was winning another splendid victory at Ulm over the Austrians; and not long after, he beat the Prussians as entirely at Jena, and had all Germany at his feet. He was exceedingly harsh and savage to the Prussians, and was insolent in his manners to the good and gentle Queen Louisa, when she came with her husband to try to make better terms for her country; thus sowing seeds of bitter resentment which were to bear fruit long after. The Russians advanced to the aid of Germany, but the battles of Eylau and Friedland made them also anxious for peace. There never, indeed, was a much abler man than Napoleon; but he had no honor, honesty, or generosity, and had very little heart amid all his seeming greatness. He made his family kings of conquered countries. His brother Louis was King of Holland; Jerome of Westphalia, and the eldest brother, Joseph, King of Naples; but in 1808 he contrived to cheat the King of Spain of his crown, and keep him and his son prisoners in France, while Joseph was sent to reign in Spain, and General Murat, the husband of his sister Caroline, was made King of Naples. The Portuguese royal family were obliged to flee away to Brazil; but the Spaniards and Portuguese would not submit to the French yoke, and called the English to help them. So year after year the Duke of Wellington was beating Napoleon's generals, and wearing away his strength; but he still went on with his German wars, and in 1809, after two terrible battles at Aspern and Wagram, entered

Vienna itself. Again there was a peace; and Napoleon, who was grieved to have no child to leave his empire to, had the wickedness and cruelty to decide on setting aside his good, loving Josephine, and making the Emperor Francis of Austria give him his young daughter, Marie Louise. In 1810, the deed was done; and it was said that from that time all his good-fortune left him, though he had one little son born to him, whom he called King of Rome.

He set out with what he named the Grand Army, to conquer Russia; and after winning the battle of the Borodino, he entered Moscow; but no sooner was he there than the whole town was on fire, and it burnt on, so that it was not possible to stay there. Winter was just coming on, the Russian army was watching everywhere, and he could only retreat; and the unhappy Grand Army, struggling in the snow, with nothing to eat, and beset by the enemy everywhere, suffered the most frightful misery. Napoleon left it in the midst, and hurried home; but no sooner had this blow been given him, than all the Germans—the Prussians especially, to whom he had been so harsh—rose up and banded together against him. France was worn out with the long wars; and though Napoleon still showed wonderful skill, especially at the battle of Leipzic, he was driven back, inch by inch, as it were, across Germany, and into France, by the Emperors of Austria and Russia and King of Prussia; for though each battle of his was a victory, force of numbers was too much for him.

He went to the palace of Fontainebleau, and tried

to give up his crown to his little son, but the Allies would not accept this ; and at last, in the spring of 1814, he was forced to yield entirely, and put himself into the hands of the English, Prussian, Russian, and Austrian sovereigns. They decided on sending him to a little isle called Elba, in the Mediterranean Sea, where he was still to be treated as a prince. His deserted wife Josephine loved him so much that she died of grief for his fall ; but Marie Louise returned to her father, and did nothing to help him.

CHAPTER XLII.

LOUIS XVIII.—1814–1824

THE Allies had entered Paris—Russians, Austrians, and Prussians—and the Duke of Wellington, after winning the battle of Toulouse, came up from the south to meet them.

It was left to the French to decide what government they would have; and those who loved the old royalty took the lead, and invited back the brothers of their king, Louis XVIII. and Charles, Count of Artois, whose eldest son, the Duke of Angouleme, was married to Marie Therese, the only survivor of the prisoners of the Temple.

Louis XVIII. was a clever cunning old man by this time, and meant to do what he could to content the French and keep the peace; but the Count of Artois was stiff and haughty, and the poor Duchess of Angouleme so grave and sad that she could not exert herself to please and amuse the people. There was much discontent at the changes that had to be made, and at the giving up of all that Napoleon had robbed other countries of and given to France. He had carried off all the best pictures and statues wherever he went, and set them up in the Louvre; and these were

all sent home to their right owners. The lands that he had taken were to be restored; and ministers from all the Allies met at the Congress of Vienna to settle how this should be done.

Full in the midst came the news, like a thunderbolt, that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and landed in France on the 27th of February, 1815. No soldier who had served under him would fight against him. The army threw away the white flag, and shouted his name in ecstasy. Louis XVIII. was obliged to flee to Belgium; and in a very short time Napoleon seemed as powerful as ever. But the Allies were collecting their forces against him; and England and Prussia, as being the nearest, first had their armies ready near Brussels. Napoleon hoped to beat them before Austria and Russia could come to their help, and marched thither with all speed in the beginning of June. Four days of battles with the Prussians left matters undecided; but on the 18th of June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington, assisted by the Prussians, gave the French an overwhelming defeat at Waterloo, and marched direct on Paris; while Napoleon, after vainly seeking shelter, went at last to Rochefort, and there finding it impossible to escape to America, gave himself up to the captain of an English ship, the Bellerophon. He was taken to Plymouth harbor, and remained on board until his fate was decided by the Allied Sovereigns, who determined to send him where he should not again escape to disturb all Europe; and he was therefore placed in the little lonely island of St. Helena, in the midst of the Atlan

tic Ocean, under the custody of an English governor, who was to see him every day. He fretted and chafed in his confinement; and the governor (Sir Hudson Lowe) was continually anxious, and therefore seemed harsh and insulting to him in the fallen pride that did not know how to be really great. After six miserable years, Napoleon died, in 1821, of cancer in the stomach, and was buried under the willow trees of Longwood, in St. Helena.

Of course his brothers and sisters had all been put down from the thrones he had given them. Murat tried to recover Naples, but was taken and shot; but the others submitted quietly, having never much enjoyed their honors. Marie Louise had a little Italian duchy given to her, and her son was called the Duke of Reichstadt, and brought up at the court of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. He died in early youth, and the person who cared the most for the greatness of the Bonaparte name was Louis Napoleon, son to Louis, once King of Holland, and of Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter of Josephine by her first marriage.

Meantime, the English army had remained for three years in France, to assist Louis XVIII. in case of any fresh outbreak; and Marshal Ney, the foremost of the generals who had gone over to Napoleon, was tried by court-martial and shot. Almost everybody else was forgiven; and Prince Talleyrand, one of the cleverest and most cunning men who ever lived, who had risen under Napoleon, worked on still with Louis XVIII.

It was the saying in France that in their exile the Bourbons had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. This was not quite true of Louis XVIII., who was clever in an indolent way, and resolved to please the people enough to remain where he was till his death, and really gave them a very good charter; only he declared he gave it to them by his free grace as their king, and they wanted him to acknowledge that they had forced it from royalty by the Revolution. But his brother Charles, Count of Artois, was much more strongly and openly devoted to the old ways that came before the Revolution, and, as Louis had no children, his accession was dreaded. His eldest son, the Duke of Angouleme, had no children; and his second son, the Duke of Berri, who was married to a Neopolitan princess, was the most amiable and hopeful person in the family; but on the 12th of February, 1820, he was stabbed by a wretch called Louvet, as he was leaving the opera, and died in a few hours. His infant son, Henry, Duke of Bordeaux, was the only hope of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

France was worn out and weary of war, so that little happened in this reign, except that the Duke of Angouleme made an expedition to assist the King of Spain in putting down an insurrection. The French nobility had returned to all their titles; but many of them had lost all their property in the Revolution, and hung about the court much needing offices and employments; while all the generation who had grown up among the triumphs of Napoleon looked with contempt

and dislike at the endeavor to revive old habits and ways of thinking.

Louis XVIII. was in failing health, but he kept up much of the old state of the French court, and was most careful never to keep any one waiting, for he used to say, "Punctuality is the politeness of kings." Even when very ill, he would never give up any of the court ceremonies; and when urged to spare himself, said, "A king of France ought to die standing;" but for some years he was unable to walk, being dreadfully tormented by the gout and he was obliged to let his brother manage his affairs. But he was shrewd enough to dread the Count of Artois' desire to return to the old times of overgrown royal power; and when he found himself dying, he put his hand on the head of his little four years' old great-nephew, Henry, and said to his brother, "Let Charles X. take care of the crown for this child." He died in September, 1824.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CHARLES X.—1824–1830.

When Charles X. had been the young Count of Artois, before the Revolution, he had been gay, lively, and thoughtless—a playfellow of Marie Antoinette in those bright, giddy days when she had caused so much ill-will. After all his exile and wanderings, and in his old age, he had become very religious; but not in a wise way, for he was guided entirely by the Pope and a few clergy, who wanted to bring things back to what they were before the Revolution. It was just the same with the State. His ministers were trying to get back the old power of the crown, and this made every one discontented and jealous, though France had a share in two victories in his time.

The first was made on behalf of the Greeks, who had long been trying to break away from the rule of the Turks; and at last the Prussian, English, and French fleets joined and defeated the Turks and Egyptians at the battle of Navarino; after which, Greece was able to become a kingdom, under Christian rule.

The other was to clear the Mediterranean Sea of the Moorish robbers who had infested it for centuries past. Ships came from the African ports, especially Algiers, and fell upon any merchant vessels they could seize, taking the goods and carrying the crew and passengers off into slavery. Even the coasts of France, Spain, and Italy were not safe; and people were continually carried off, and set to work for the Moors, until they were ransomed by their friends in Europe. But in 1830 the English and French fleets united to attack this nest of pirates, and gained a grand victory, which put an end to all further sea robberies in the Mediterranean.

But no one was pleased by the victory, for the doings of the king and his ministers enraged the public, and the newspapers found great fault with them, and accused them of all sorts of impossible things. On this, on the 26th of July, 1830, the king put out an edict putting an end to the liberty of the press—that is forbidding anything to appear in any newspaper without being approved by the government. Some other edicts were also made, which offended the people so much that there was a frightful disturbance at Paris. Every one begged the king to change his mind, and withdraw the edicts; but he thought it was yielding that had ruined his brother, Louis XVI., and nothing would persuade him to give way, till too late, when for what are called the "three days of July" there had been fighting throughout Paris, and his troops had been broken and driven out by the National Guard. Then he did consent; but the people would not be

satisfied without dethroning him, and he was obliged to leave France again, taking with him his son and daughter-in-law (the last Dauphin and Dauphinness), and his grandson, the little Henry. They lived first in Scotland, and afterwards in Italy and in Germany; while all the old loyal French still viewed Charles, and after his death his grandson, Henry V., as they have always called him, as the only true kings of France.

The Marquis de la Fayette, who had been one of the first movers in the old revolution, had lived to assist in this, the Revolution of 1830, a far less bloody and mischievous one. Some of the French wanted to have another republic, but most of them wished to try a limited monarchy, like ours in England, with a king at the head, but without power to do anything without the consent of the subjects. They resolved to put at the head of their new constitution the Duke of Orleans. He was of the Bourbon royal blood, for he was descended from Louis XIV.'s brother, the Duke of Orleans, and from the wicked regent of the childhood of Louis XV. After these two, there had been two quiet dukes, not noted for much, but the fifth had been vehement in the cause of the Revolution. He had given up his title of Duke of Orleans, and called himself Citizen Philip Egalite, or Equality, and he had even voted for the death of Louis XVI.; but when, in the Reign of Terror, every one who had any high birth was put to death, he was guillotined. His eldest son, Louis Philippe, had been brought up by a very clever governess, Madame de Genlis, who wrote the "Tales

of the Castle," and many other books for children; and she had made a great point of his learning many useful habits, which princes had thought quite beneath them. He served in the French army till his father, mother, and younger brothers were thrown into prison, and he was forced to fly to Switzerland, where he was obliged to earn his bread as a teacher in a school. Afterwards, he came to England, where his brothers joined him; but they both fell into declines and died, one in England and the other at Malta, where Louis Philippe had taken him for his health. Next he travelled in America, and there, when he had a bad fall from his wagon in a little lonely settlement, took out his own lancet, and bled himself so dextrously, that the people begged him to remain and be their doctor.

At the Restoration, he came back to France, with his wife, Marie Amelie, the daughter of the King of Naples, and his sister Adelaide, both very good and clever women. They brought up their large family at the Palais Royal, and were very kind and sensible people, though all along there were many who thought he was scheming to get the people's favor away from King Charles X. Whether this were true or not is not certain. At any rate, when Charles fled, the leaders of the nation all agreed to offer the crown to the Duke of Orleans, but it was not to be as an old hereditary monarch. He was not to be King of France, but King of the French; he was not to be Louis XIX., but Louis Philippe I.; and his eldest son was not to be Dauphin, but Duke of Orleans; and his power was to be bounded by peers and deputies, much as the power

of the English king is bounded by the peers and commons.

This was the revolution of the "three days of July," 1830.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—1830–1848.

LOUIS PHILIPPE of Orleans began prosperously. He was called the Citizen King, and used the tri-colored flag of the old Revolution instead of the white one of the Bourbons, and the cock of Gaul instead of the old blue shield with gold fleurs-de-lys, to show that he reigned not as a son of the old royal family, but by the choice of the people. There was a chamber of peers and a chamber of deputies ; and the constitution was a limited monarchy.

Much was done to please the people, and much to make them prosperous. Railways and steamboats came in, and manufactures began to flourish, more especially the weaving of silk at Lyons ; and though the French never have made articles as strong and useful as the English do, they have much better taste, and all that is gay and elegant is better finished there ; so that Paris grew more and more to be the chief mart for dress and ornament in the world.

Almost all the colonies the French had once made had been lost in the wars since the time of Louis XIV. ; and Louis Philippe thought it would be well

to form new ones, and to get the navy into good order again. So a settlement was made in Algeria; but it caused a long and fierce war with the Arab chiefs, which lasted nearly throughout the reign; for no sooner had a grant of land been made, and brought into good order, than the Arabs would fall upon the farm in the night, and burn, destroy, and plunder. Guards of soldiers had to be kept in the forts all round the border; and there was much terrible fighting, for the Arabs were as brave as the French themselves, and had a most gallant chief, named Abd-el-Kader. At last, however, after years of fighting, he was forced to surrender himself a prisoner, and was taken to France; but this was not till quite at the end of the reign of Louis Philippe, though I have told you about it all at once.

The French also tried to make settlements in the Pacific islands, especially New Caledonia and the island of Tahiti. They were not at all welcome in this last, for the native queen, Pomare had been taught to be a Christian by the English, and did not wish for French protection or Roman Catholic teaching. However, the French were the strongest, and have taken the management there, though the island still professes to be under its own government.

Louis Philippe did his utmost to keep the Parisians in good humor, knowing that he could only reign by their favor; and as the miseries of the old wars were forgotten, and the French only thought of the victories of the times of Napoleon, praising him as the greatest of heroes, the king gratified them by request-

ing the English to allow him to bring home the corpse of the Emperor from St. Helena, and bury it in the Church of the Invalides, a great asylum for old soldiers at Paris. It was fetched in a man-of-war by the king's sailor son, the Prince de Joinville, and brought to Paris in a triumphal car, which was followed through the streets by Louis Philippe and his sons. A chapel was built, and ornamented with splendid marbles, for the burials of the Bonaparte family. Napoleon's little son was dead, but his brother Louis had left a son, who was living in exile in England or Germany.

Do what he would, Louis Philippe could not prevent a great deal of discontent among the Bonapartists on the one hand, and the Republicans on the other. The richer the shopkeepers and merchants grew, and the more show they made, the bitterer was the hatred of the workmen, who said that everybody ought to be equal not only in rank, but in property; and these men used red alone, instead of the tricolor, for their badge. A horrible conspiracy was made by some wretches, of whom the chief was named Fieschi, for destroying the king, as he rode out, by what was called the Infernal Machine, which was like a whole battery of guns fired off in a moment. The king was not hurt, but fourteen people were killed, of whom one was an old marshal of Napoleon's. The men were traced and seized, and Fieschi was put to death.

The queen, Marie Amelie of Naples, was one of the best women who ever lived, and did all she could to promote goodness and piety. So did the king's prime

minister, M. Guizot, who was one of a staunch old Huguenot family; but the republican dislikes to having religion taught in schools hindered the growth of good; and there were a great number of unbelievers, though there were good and holy men struggling with the evil. There were always many parties. There were the Legitimists, who viewed first Charles X. and then his grandson, Henry V. the Count of Chambord, as the only true king, and would take no office under Louis Philippe; and there were the Bonapartists and the Red Republicans, as well as the Moderate ones, who held by the king.

The king had five sons, of whom the eldest, the Duke of Orleans, was much loved and looked up to. He married the Princess Helen of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and they had had two little sons, before he was unhappily killed by leaping out of his open carriage while the horses were running away.

It is a curious thing that the power of a French sovereign always seems to melt away as soon as he shows any designs upon Spain. The king, Ferdinand VII., whom Napoleon kept so long in prison, had left two little daughters; and as they grew up, Louis Philippe interfered about their marriages in a way that caused much displeasure. He could only gain the younger one for his son, the Duke of Montpensier; but he was thought to be grasping at the crown for him, and this made every one jealous. A little later, a nobleman, the Duke de Praslin, horrified all Europe by murdering his wife. He was, of course, condemned to death, but he put an end to his own life

in prison, and the Red Republicans fancied that he must have been allowed the means, in order that there might not be a public execution of a nobleman; and this added to the discontent and hatred of poor against rich that had been growing every year.

At last, in February, 1848, after the council and the chambers of deputies had decided against some measures much desired by the people, there was a rising of the mob throughout Paris. The troops were drawn up, and the National Guard; but when the moment came for action, the National Guard would not fire, but made common cause with the people. The army would still have fought, but Louis Philippe would not have blood shed for him. He sent a message that he abdicated in favor of his little grandson, the Count of Paris, with his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, as regent. Then he left the Tuileries privately, and under the name of William Smith, safely reached England.

The duchess of Orleans bravely came forward to the people with her two boys, but there was no shout in her favor, only angry looks, and her friends saw it was all in vain, and hurried her away as fast as they could. All the family made their way by different means, one by one, to England, where the queen and her people received them as kindly as warm hearts always welcome the unfortunate. Claremont Palace was lent to them as a dwelling-place, and there Louis Philippe and his good queen spent the remainder of their lives. He died in the year 1849, and Amelie a few years later

CHAPTER XLV.

THE REPUBLIC.—1848–1852.

AFTER Louis Philippe and his family had fled from France, there was a time of confusion. An assembly of deputies met from all parts of France to arrange a fresh government; and a very clever poet and author, named Lamartine, at first tried to bring about something like order, but he was not strong enough, and there was a great deal of tumult and disorder.

In truth, the Red Republicans, who did not want to see any one richer than themselves, were very much disappointed that, though noblemen and gentlemen had no more rights than other people, yet still rich men kept their money and estates; and though all sorts of occupations were devised at Paris, for which they were highly paid, in hopes of keeping them quiet and contented, they only became more fierce and violent. They had devised a way of fortifying the streets, by seizing on all the carts, carriages, and cabs they could lay hands on, and fastening them together with ropes, so as to form a line across the street. Then they pulled up the paving-stones, and built

them up, banking them up with earth, and thus making what they called a barricade. And when the top and back of this was thronged with men and boys armed with muskets, it was almost impossible to dislodge them.

In the end of June, 1848, there were three dreadful days of barricades. It was really a fight of the Red Republicans against the Tircolored. Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality were the watchwords of them both; but the Red Republicans meant much more than the Tricolored by these words, for they thought liberty was no order at all, and equality was that no person should be better off than the rest. The good Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, going out on one of these miserable days to try to make peace, was shot through the back from behind a barricade, and died in a few hours.

However, General Cavaignac, one of the brave men who had been trained to war by the fighting in Algeria, so managed the soldiers and the National Guard that they put down the Red Republicans, and restored order, though not without shedding much blood, and sending many into exile.

Indeed, the two years 1847 and 1848 were unquiet all over Europe. Much that had been settled at the Congress of Vienna, 1814, after Napoleon had been overthrown, had been done more as if estates were being carved out than as if what was good for the people was considered; and there had been distress and discontent ever since, especially in Italy, where all the north was under the Emperor of Austria, and

his German officers were very rough and disagreeable in the towns where they were quartered.

The Italians rose, and tried to shake them off by the help of the King of Sardinia; and at the same time there was a great rising against the Pope, Pius IX., at Rome. The Popes had held Rome for more than a thousand years, and there ruled the Western Church; but they had never been very good princes to their Roman subjects, and things had fallen into a sad state of confusion, which, when first he was chosen, Pius IX. had tried to improve; but his people went on too fast for him, and at last rose up and so alarmed him that he fled in the disguise of a servant behind an Austrian carriage.

Now, the Roman Catholics think the Pope cannot rule over the Church freely unless he has Rome quite of his own, and lives there as a prince, instead of only as a Bishop in a country belonging to some one else. And though there were so many in France who had not much faith in anything, yet there were a good many honest, religious people, who were very anxious to have him back, and said that it mattered more that he should govern the Church than that the Romans should be well off.

So a French army was sent to restore him; and the Italians were grievously disappointed, for the Austrians were putting them down in the north, and they thought Republicans bound to help them. But Rome was taken, and the Pope had his throne again; and a strong guard of French soldiers were placed in Rome, for without such help he could no longer have reigned.

The French at home were in more parties than ever The Red Republicans still wanted to overthrow everything ; the Moderate ones cared chiefly to keep peace and order ; the Bonapartists longed to have another empire like Napoleon's ; the Orleanists wished to bring back the Count of Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe ; and the Legitimists still held fast by Henry V., the son of the murdered Duke of Berri, and the natural king by birth. Never was there such a house divided against itself ; but, in truth, the real fear was of the Red Republicans. All the rest were ready to be quiet, and to submit to anything so long as these could be kept down.

After much deliberating in the Assembly, it was settled to have a republic, with a president, as the Americans have. Then Louis Napoleon' Bonaparte, the son of Napoleon's brother Louis, offered himself as president, and was elected, all the quiet people and all the Bonapartists joining in the choice. Most of the army were Bonapartists for the sake of the old victories of Napoleon ; and when Algeria was quieted, and they came home, Louis Napoleon had a great power in his hands. Soon he persuaded the people to change his title from president to that of first consul, as his uncle had once been called ; and then every one began to see what would follow, but most were glad to have a strong hand over them, to give a little peace and rest after all the changes.

And the next time there was any chance of a disturbance at Paris, Louis Napoleon was beforehand with the mob. He surrounded them with soldiers,

had cannon planted so as to command every street, and fired upon the mob before it had time to do any harm, then captured the ringleaders, and either had them executed or sent into banishment. Some violence and cruelty there certainly was, but the Parisians were taught whom they must obey, and quiet people were grateful. This master stroke is always called the *coup d'etat*, or stroke of policy, for it settled affairs for the time; and after it Louis Napoleon did as he chose, for no one durst resist him

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SECOND EMPIRE.—1852-1870.

In the beginning of the year 1852, the whole of the French nation was called upon to decide by vote whether they would form an empire again, or continue to be a republic. Every man, rich or poor, who was not a convict, had a vote; and the larger number decided for the empire, and for Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as the emperor. He considered himself as the successor of his uncle, and therefore called himself Napoleon III., counting the little child in whose favor the great Bonaparte had abdicated at Fontainebleau as the second Napoleon.

He married a Spanish lady of high rank, but not royal, whose mother was Scottish. Her name was Eugenie de Montijo, and she was one of the most lovely women of her time. She was pious and kind-hearted, and always ready to do anything good; but it was thought that the court would be more popular, and trade prosper more, if an example was set of great splendor and magnificence. So the ladies were encouraged to dress in a style of extravagance and brilliancy with perpetual changes of fashion; and this, as

the Parisian dresses are always the models of those of other countries, has led to much folly in all grades of society everywhere. One son was born of this marriage, who was called the Prince Imperial.

The emperor ruled with a strong hand, but he got everything into order again, and he made Paris more beautiful than ever, throwing down old narrow streets, and building grand new ones, which, for the most part, had asphalt pavement, so that there might be no paving-stones to take up and make into barricades. He took away a good many of the places to which old historical remembrances were attached ; and it has never seemed plain whether he did so for the sake of sweeping away the old remembrances, or only because they stood in the way of his plans.

The name the emperor wished to be called by was the Napoleon of Peace, as his uncle had been the Napoleon of War ; but it was not always possible to keep the peace. In the year 1853, just after he had been crowned, the Russian emperor began to threaten to conquer Turkey, and thereupon the French joined with the English to protect the Sultan. The French and English armies, both together, landed in Turkey, and then made an expedition to the Crimea, where the Russians had built a very strong fortified city named Sebastopol, whence to attack the Turks. Marshal St. Arnaud was the French general, and, with Lord Raglan, commanded in the great battle fought on the banks of the Alma, and then laid siege to Sebastopol, where again they fought a dreadful battle, when the Russians sallied out, in the night of the 5th of

November, 1854, and attacked the camp at Inkerman. All the winter and spring the siege lasted, the two armies having much bitter cold to fear as they watched in the trenches; but in the summer it was possible to assault the city, and while the English attacked the Redan, the French attacked the Malakoff Tower, and after much hard fighting this was taken. Then peace was made, on condition that all the fortifications of Sebastopol should be destroyed, and no fleet or army kept there for the future.

Having thus been allies in war, England and France became much greater friends, and Queen Victoria and the emperor made visits to one another; and the trade of the two nations was so mixed up together as to make it much less easy to go to war, for the emperor had a love and affection for England, which had been a home to him in his days of exile.

The Italians were more uneasy and miserable than ever under the rule of the Austrians, and begged Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, to help them, and become an Italian king over them. Louis Napoleon gave them his help, and went in person to Lombardy, where the French and Italians defeated the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino; after which there was again a peace, and Victor Emmanuel was owned as King of Italy, on condition that, in return for the help he had received, he should give to France the little province of Nice, which had always been part of the dukedom of Savoy, the old inheritance of his forefathers long before they were kings, but which seemed as if it ought to be a part of France. The Romans hoped

that they, too, should have shaken off the Papal government; but the guard of French soldiers was still maintained at Rome.

Another undertaking of the emperor was to bring Mexico into order. This country had been settled by Spaniards, and belonged to Spain until it revolted; and for many years there had been constant revolutions, and very little law, so that it was full of outlaws and robbers. Some of the better disposed thought that they might do better if they set up a monarchy, and the French promised to help them. The Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, was chosen, and went out, with his young wife Charlotte, daughter of the King of Belgium, and guarded by a French army. But the Mexicans were much more fierce and treacherous than had been expected; and the French troops found that staying there only made them more bitter, and it was costly to keep them there. So they were brought home; and no sooner had they left Mexico, than the Mexicans rose up, made their emperor prisoner, and shot him, while his poor wife lost her senses from grief. They were a good and noble pair—true-hearted, and anxious to do right; and theirs is one of the saddest stories of our time.

The Emperor of the French had ruled prosperously for a long time; but the burning hatred of the Red Republicans was not quenched. His best advisers, too, were growing old and dying, and his own health and spirit were failing; but he was trying to teach the people to rule themselves in some degree, instead of expecting him to keep order with his power from

above. He was anxious to be sure of his son reigning after him, and he put it to the vote all over France whether the empire should be hereditary.

The vote was in his favor, and he seemed quite secure. But at this time the Prussians had been gaining great successes both against Denmark and Austria, and the French were very jealous of them, and expected a fight for some of the provinces that lie along the Rhine. Just then, too, the Spaniards had risen, and driven away Queen Isabella, who had not ruled well; and they elected a cousin of the King of Prussia to be their king. He never accepted the Spanish crown, but the bare notion made the French furious, and there was a great cry from the whole nation that the pride of the Prussians must be put down. The emperor saw his popularity was failing him, and that his only chance was to please the people by going to war. Nobody knew that the army had been badly managed, and that it was quite changed from what it was when it fought in Algiers and the Crimea. Indeed, the French never think that anything but victory can happen to them, so the army went off in high spirits to meet the Prussians on the Rhine—singing, shouting, drinking; and the Emperor took his young son with him, and tried to seem as hopeful as they did; but all who saw him near saw that he was both ill and sad. This was in the summer of the year 1870.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.—1870–1871.

EVERY one knew that whatever might be said to be the quarrel between France and Prussia, the truth was that the two fighting nations were jealous of one another, and wanted to measure their strength together. The Prussians had never forgotten the elder Napoleon's cruelty to their queen, and the harshness with which the whole nation had been treated; and all the Germans distrusted Napoleon III., and thought he had plans for spreading the French empire into the German provinces beyond the Rhine. All the Germans, therefore, felt as if they were defending their fatherland, and came to the army in a very different temper from the boastful one of the French.

It was in the provinces of the Rhine that the battle was to be fought out. In the first fight, at Werth, the French were successful, and a great deal was made of the victory. The Prince Imperial was made to fire the first cannon, and all the newspapers profanely called it his baptism of fire. Indeed, one of the worst signs was that nobody was telling the truth. The emperor had been deceived as to the strength and order of his

army ; and the whole French nation were entirely deceived as to the state of things with the army, and thought they were beating the Prussians, and should soon be at Berlin. Instead of this, all round the city of Sedan there was a most frightful battle, which lasted day after day, and in which the French were entirely beaten, and so surrounded and cut off from retreat by the German forces, that the emperor was obliged to surrender himself a prisoner to the King of Prussia.

He had before sent his son to England, as soon as he saw how things were going. The Empress Eugenie had been left as regent at Paris ; but as soon as the dreadful news came, all the Parisians rose up, and declared that the emperor was deposed, and that they would have a republic again. All that her best friends could do for her was to help her to pass out of the Tuileries in a plain black dress, get into a fly, and be driven to the station, whence she safely reached England.

Marshal MacMahon and a large portion of the army who were in Sedan were made prisoners, and sent off to Germany. Still there was a general belief that help must come—that an army would come home from Algeria, or be put together from the garrisons—or that the whole nation would rise up and drive out the enemy. So the cities of Strasburg, Phalsburgh, and Nancy shut their gates, and bravely stood a siege from the Germans ; and when the Parisians found that the main body of the enemy was advancing, they likewise prepared for a seige, under their commandant, General Trochu, a good man, but not enterprising.

They were in a strange delirium of ungrateful joy at being rid of the empire; they went about knocking down the carved eagles and effacing the great crowned N's, and declaring that now they should prosper, as if the enemy were not actually on their own ground.

Almost every available man was enrolled in the National Guard or the Garde Mobile; but the Prussians put a stop to any warfare of the peasantry, for at a little village called Bazeille, where some shots were fired on them, they burnt and destroyed every building, and killed all who fell into their hands. They gave out that though regular soldiers would be treated as prisoners of war, and those who did not fight would not be hurt, there was to be no mercy for places where Germans were fired upon.

The Prussians meant to be just, but their justice was of a hard kind; and though they hardly ever did violence to any one's person, they had less scruple about plundering than they ought to have had. Indeed, they had bitterly hated the French ever since the elder Napoleon had so tyrannously misused Prussia, and broken the heart of Queen Louisa, the mother of the King William who was now leading his forces to Paris; and much that they called retribution, lookers-on called revenge.

The king placed his headquarters in the grand old palace of Versailles, and thence besieged Paris, cutting off all supplies and all communication from outside. No one could come in or out, save through the German camp, except in a balloon; and one of the Republican leaders, M. Gambetta, actually came out in a balloon,

to try to raise the spirit of the rest of France to come to the relief of the capital. Letters came and went, too, by carrier pigeons ; and tiny letters on thin paper, and newspapers in print so small that they could only be read with a magnifying glass, were prepared for this pigeon post. Meantime, the people ate up all their stores ; and after finishing the mutton and beef, all the horses were seized, and the cats and dogs were killed ; the flour was diluted with sawdust ; and the starvation became all the more wretched as the winter came on ; and there was as sad a want of fuel as of food. Meanwhile, the German shells were constantly flying in, destroying houses, and killing all whom their splinters struck.

It was as bad at Strasburg, while these Parisians were consoling themselves by offering garlands to the statue of that City in the Place de la Concorde ; but Strasburg, Metz, and Phalsburg all were taken, and all the hopes of help from without faded away. The supposed army in the south never appeared at all, and one in the west, which at first had some success, was soon defeated. The Prussian army occupied more and more ground ; and though the Parisian troops tried to sally out and attack the German camp, this turned out to be all in vain. For the Parisians, both in the National Guard and Garde Mobile, had no notion of obeying orders or observing discipline, and without these nobody can fight ; while even as to bravery, they showed themselves sadly unlike their loud boasts of themselves. Nobody did show any steady courage but the few real soldiers, the gentlemen, and the Bretons ; and their

bravery ended in their being killed when no one supported them. It was all the worse, because there was bitter distrust between the Red Republicans and the Moderate party, and each expected to be betrayed by the other. The only pleasant thing to think of in the whole war was the care taken by a society, gathered from all nations—chiefly Swiss, German, and English—for sending nurses to the wounded and help to the ruined. They were known by the Red Cross, and wherever this was seen they were respected.

One difficulty was—Who or what was the government which might make peace with the Prussians? but after half a year of siege, M. Thiers and General Trochu, and others of the Moderate party, made terms. Paris was, in fact, surrendered; but the King of Prussia promised not to grieve the French by marching in at the head of his army, but to be content with quietly entering himself. The two provinces of Lorraine and Alsace, which used to be German, were to be given up to him; Prussian troops were to be left for a year in garrison in France; and a fine was to be paid. At the same time, quantities of food and firing were sent in for the famished Parisians, the prisoners were released, and among them the emperor, who came to England.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE COMMUNISTS.—1871.

THE terms of the treaty were no sooner known, than all the ill-will and distrust of the Red Republicans openly broke out. They declared that they were betrayed; that their general and the National Guards would not fight, and had sold them to the enemy; and that they would not give up their arms, or be bound by the treaty. They drew together on a height with their cannon, and closed the gates, and barricaded the streets again. The Government withdrew to Versailles, to wait for the arrival of all the troops who had been in captivity; and these Red Republicans did what they chose. One horrible deed was, shooting, and that with many repeated wounds, two generals who had tried to maintain discipline in the first siege, and had thus offended them.

A sort of government was set up, calling itself the Commune—an old word for a town council governing itself—and thus the Red Republicans were known as the Communists. They were either newspaper writers,

or else workmen and mechanics; and there was one noble among them, quite as desperate as the rest. All the former pride in the first Bonaparte had turned into a ferocious hatred to the very name; so that even the great column in the Place Vendome, raised in honor of his victories, was thrown down; and the Communists were as furious against law, order, property, and religion as ever their grandfathers in the Reign of Terror had been. They turned the clergy out of the churches, and the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals, and uttered the maddest and most horrible blasphemies against all that was good or great. The women were equally violent, or even more so, with the men—they sang songs of liberty, and carried weapons, uttering fearful threats. Some of the leaders had been captured, and kept at Versailles; whereupon they seized on the archbishop, Monseigneur Darboy, and five more clergy— good holy men, who had spent their whole lives in the endeavor to teach and help them, and who, all through the siege, had toiled to lessen the sufferings of the poor. They were thrown into prison; and when the Commune found that their own members were not released, and that Marshal MacMahon and the army were closely besieging Paris, all these good priests were brought to the prison of La Roquette, and there shot, and hastily buried. The good archbishop died with his hand uplifted, as if in the act of blessing his murderers. This was on the 24th of May, 1871.

All France was against the madmen who had possession of their much-loved Paris; but the Commun-

ists held out desperately, and forced many quiet citizens to fight, by making their carrying arms the only condition of obtaining food, which, of course, they could not earn by honest labor, as of old. At last, however, the soldiers from Versailles began to force their way in, and then, in their final madness, the Red Republicans set fire to the city. The Hotel de Ville was soon blazing, and so was the Tuileries. It was said that inflammable materials had been placed in them for this purpose, and that women went about throwing petroleum in at the windows of the houses to set them on fire.

The Versailles government, their troops, and indeed all who looked on, were in a frenzy of rage and grief at seeing their beautiful city, the pride and darling of every Frenchman's heart, thus destroyed before their eyes. And as the soldiers slowly fought their way in, with cannon pointed down the streets, and mowing all before them, they made a most fearful slaughter of men and women alike—and, it may feared, the innocent with the guilty. Indeed, the very cry of "*une pétroleuse*" was enough to cause a woman to to be hunted down, and shot without further trial. There was a last stand made by the Communists in the great cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where most of them died the death of wolves ; and large herds of the captured were marched off towards Versailles—many to be shot at once, others imprisoned, and after trial sent off to prison, and exiled to Cayenne or New Caledonia.

Thus the Red Republic was extinguished in fire and blood, and order was restored. The city was found to

be less injured by the fires than had been feared when they were seen raging; and for the time M. Thiers ruled as a sort of president, and set matters as right as was possible in the torn and bleeding country. Meantime, the emperor, Napoleon III., died in his exile in England; and the nation began to consider what should be the government for the future. The old parties still existed—the Legitimists, still loyal to Henry, Count of Chambord; the Orleanists, wishing for a son or grandson of Louis Philippe; the Bonapartists, loving the memory of Napoleon III., and hoping to restore his son; the Moderate Tricolored Republicans, chiefly seeking rest and order, and now revenge upon Germany and the remnant of the Communists.

Henry, Count of Chambord, having no children, so that the Count of Paris, eldest grandson of Louis Philippe, was his right heir, there was a plan that the Legitimist and Orleans parties should join, and a proposal was made to restore the Count of Chambord as such a king as Louis Philippe was, and that the Count of Paris should reign after him.

But the Count of Chambord's answer was that he would come to his forefathers' throne if he were invited, but only to reign as they did, by the right given to his family by God, not as the chosen of the people. He would be the most Christian king—the King of France, not of the French—with the white flag of the Bourbons, not the tricolor—and the Eldest Son of the Church, obedient to the Pope.

Nobody except the old Legitimists was in a mood

to accept this answer ; and so, when the choice of a government was put to the vote of the nation, it was decided to have a republic, with a president, instead of a monarchy ; and Marshal MacMahon was soon after elected as president.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—1874–1881.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S term of office passed quietly and in January, 1879, M. Jules Grevy was elected President in his stead. M. Thiers, who had perhaps done more than any other person to save his country in the time of her distress, died 3rd September, 1877, full of years and honors.

In the meantime, the young Napoleon, the Prince Imperial as he was still called, was growing up in his mother's home at Chislehurst, and studying at Woolwich Academy. He was full of fire and spirit, bright and pleasant with his comrades, learning eagerly, and showing himself daring to the last degree, riding fearlessly on horses scarcely any one dared to mount, and attempting even such feats as going down a flight of steps on a bicycle, when of course the machine was smashed to pieces, His mind was set on fitting himself to win back France, and to be an able ruler, and he was sometimes heard to say, "Ten years of patience!"

It was not thought well that he should enter the English army, but when a war broke out between the

English and the Zulus in Africa, he entreated to be allowed to volunteer among his former school-fellows. Leave was granted, and special orders were given that he should not be exposed to needless danger, but his own fiery spirit of enterprise made it hard to get these carried out.

On the 1st of June, 1879, the Prince, who had a day or two before felt, as he said, "his blood boil" at overhearing the old boast that one Englishman is worth five Frenchmen, went out from the camp at Koppie Allien, with a small party, to choose the camping-ground for the next night.

By and by the troopers came galloping back, saying they had been attacked by the Zulus while they were resting and their officers were sketching. All were safe except two men and the Prince. The last time he had been seen, he was running by the side of his frightened horse, trying to mount, but in the panic no one had turned back to help him. A strong party was sent out to seek for him, and his body was found in a donga, or narrow ravine, his back against the bank, pierced with seventeen wounds, all in front, from the assegais of the savages.

So in a foreign country, by the hand of unknown blacks, in a small colonial war of no account to his own nation, died the last Bonaparte who inherited the blood of Josephine. His funeral took place at Chislehurst, with the English Princes as pall-bearers, and the coffin covered with wreaths from the hands of Queen Victoria and the Princesses, and from many Bonapartist sympathizers in France; and all was done to show

the sorrow of England that he should so have fallen in her service.

The hopes of the Bonapartists were greatly dashed by his death, The sons of Lucien Bonaparte had been entirely shut out from all claim to the Empire, and the head of the family is reckoned as Prince Napoleon, the eldest grandson of Jerome, youngest brother of the great Napoleon.

Year by year however, the French have shown themselves more averse to any kind of monarchy. They are less gay and light-hearted than of old, but more thoughtful and determined. Unfortunately, however they have learnt to think of their clergy as sure to be devoted to the cause of kings, and jealous of their freedom, as well as of course devoted to the Pope, This suspicion has led to the preventing some of the Religious Orders from keeping schools, and to the driving of some of them out of the country: and it remains to be seen whether the Republic, which calls itself a free government, will give freedom to its people to have their children educated according as they wish.

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

CHAPTER I.—1. Who were the Kelts? 2. Into what were they divided? 3. What does Pen mean in Keltic? 4. What rivers did the Kelts name? 5. What do Rhine and Rhone mean? 6. What does Seine mean? 7. What does Garonne mean? 8. What were the two divisions of Kelts? 9. How did the Kelts travel? 10. How did they dress? 11. Who were the Galatians? 12. Who sacked Rome? 13. What was Gallia Cis-Alpina? 14. What was Gallia Trans-Alpina? 15. What metals are found in Gaul? 16. Who found them out? 17. Who followed the Phœnicians? 18. What cities did the Greeks build? 19. Whom did the Greeks call to help them? 20. What were the two first Roman towns? 21. Who was the messenger to the Romans? 22. Which was the bravest clan in Gaul?

CHAPTER II.—1. What did the Romans call their settlement? 2. What was a colony? 3. How was a colony begun? 4. How long were the Romans in gaining Gaul? 5. Who broke into Gaul? 6. Who defeated the Cimbri and Teutons? 7. Who conquered Gaul? and in what year? 8. Which tribe rose against him? 9. Who was the great chief of the Arverni? 10. Where did Vercingetorix fortify himself? 11. How was he shut in? 12. How did Vercingetorix surrender? 13. What was his end? 14. What cities did the Romans build in Gaul? 15. Who governed Rome? 16. Who made a rising against Rome? 17. What was the name of his brave wife?

CHAPTER III.—1. Who was the first Bishop of Arles? 2. Who first persecuted the Gallic Christians? 3. Who was their brave girl-martyr? 4. Where were the Christians massacred? 5. What were

the three Keltic Provinces? 6. How was Constantine converted? 7. Who were the enemies of the Gauls? 8. Who defended Gaul from them? 9. Who set up an empire there? 10. Who finished the conversion of Gaul? 11. How long had the Romans held Gaul?

CHAPTER IV.—1. What kind of people were the Teutons? 2. Who were their gods? 3. What were their chief tribes? 4. Which tribes came to Gaul? 5. What were the two tribes of Franks? 6. What was their kingly family called? 7. In what year was Attila's invasion? 8. Where was Attila defeated? 9. Why was Gaul deserted by the Romans? 10. What good did Genoveva do at Paris? 11. Who was Clovis? 12. What was Clovis' promise? 13. Where was he baptized? 14. What was his chief home in Gaul? 15. What church did he build? 16. What was the King of France always called? 17. When did Clovis die? 18. What part of Gaul belonged to the Franks? 19. What part was still Roman? 20. What part was still Keltic? 21. How many sons had Clovis? 22. What cruel thing did two of them do? 23. Which child was saved?

CHAPTER V.—1. Who were the Meerwings? 2. Who were the two wicked queens? 3. What were the two kingdoms of the Franks? 4. When did Fredegond die? 5. What good did Brynhild do? 6. But whom did she reject? 7. What was her end? 8. In what year? 9. What work was done in Dagobert's time? 10. How many more Meerwings reigned after him? 11. What are they called? 12. Who governed for them? 13. Which kingdom came to be greatest? 14. Who was Mayor of the Palace in Neustria?

CHAPTER VI.—1. Who was the next Mayor of the Palace? 2. What was Pepin's son called? 3. What was Charles Martel's great battle? 4. In what year? 5. With whom did he fight? 6. Who was the false prophet of the Arabs? 7. What countries had they conquered? 8. When did he die? 9. Who was the first of these Mayors to become a king? 10. In what year? 11. What was their dynasty called? 12 Who came to ask Pepin's help? 13. Against whom? 14. What reward did Pope Stephen give Pepin? 15. What did Pepin give Pope Stephen? 16. When did Pepin the Short die?

CHAPTER VII.—1. When did Carl the Great begin to reign? 2. Who reigned with him at first? 3. What were his great conquests? 4. Who was the Saxon chief? 5. Why did Charlemagne fight with the Lombards? 6. Who was king of the Lombards? 7. Who held Spain? 8. What disaster did Carl meet with? 9. How many sons had Charlemagne? 10. What were they kings of? 11. Where did Carl generally live? 12. What did he do to promote learning? 13. What hymn did he write? 14. What dignity was given him? 15. In what year did his Empire begin? 16. What was his capital. 17 What great Bishoprics did he set up? 17. When did he die?

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